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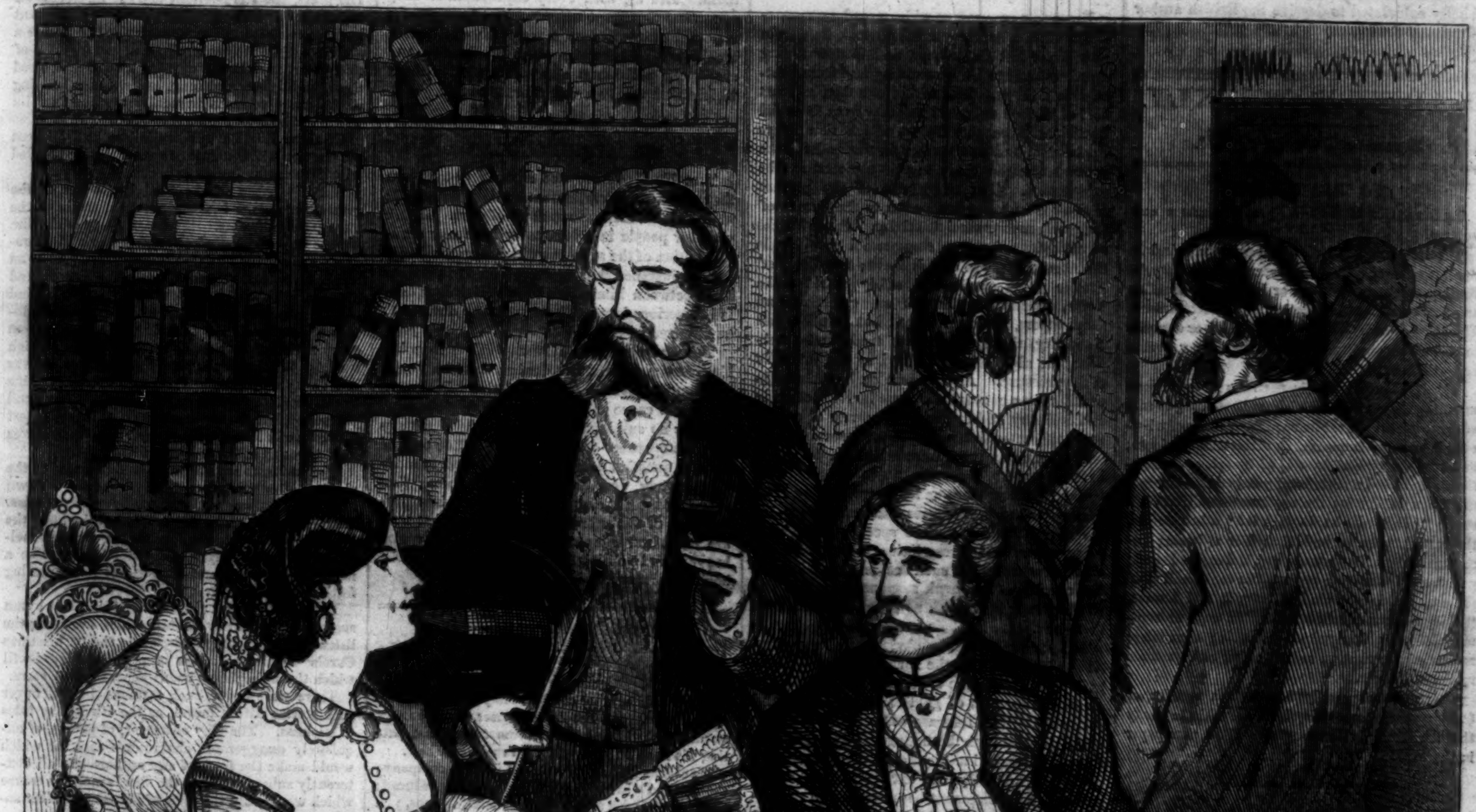


NEW-YEAR'S VISITING IN NEW YORK.

PUBLISHERS' CARD.

MR. THACKERAY'S new Story, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous illustrations by the author, is commenced in the DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England, for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun

to copy this Story from our Magazine

into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations.* The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1858.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THIS number of the *Weekly* commences a new volume.

The Contents of the first volume, published in the last number, justify the assertion that no publication, either in America or in Europe, contains an equal amount of instruction and entertainment. The proprietors intend to spare no pains or expense to make the coming volume still more valuable and welcome.

The *Weekly* will contain portraits of prominent men of the time; pictures of the most striking events of the day, abroad or at home; illustrations of whatever is new and important in architecture, science, and art; sketches of travel, with copious illustrations; light and entertaining gossip on society and the times we live in; the continuation of Bulwer's story, "What will he do with it?" other stories, the best that can be had, abroad or at home; humorous and social pictures, original and selected; genial and instructive essays; the continuation of that admirable compendium of wit and humor, "Things Wise and Otherwise;" a copious summary of news, foreign and domestic; a complete review of the money, merchandise, and produce markets, etc., etc.

The price being only five cents a number, or $2 50 a year, the proprietors do not hesitate to say that the *Weekly* is the cheapest and best newspaper in the world.

THE OLD YEAR.

THE year which has just ended has been chiefly memorable, in this country, by the commercial revulsion which broke out late in the summer. Politically, there have been but few events of note during the year. Even the prospect which we had at one time of commemorating the fall by the final settlement of the Kansas question, has been falsified by late events; that, with that other vexed question, the Central American dispute with England, must be carried forward to the year 1858. When the year 1857 was ushered in, the country was still panting under the excitement of an unusually violent contest for the Presidency; long before summer came, every trace of disturbance had disappeared, and people had ceased to speak or even to think of politics. A speck of war in Utah has hardly roused men from their attitude of indifference; and the operations of General William Walker in Nicaragua, which a twelvemonth ago awakened a good deal of attention and sympathy, attract very little interest. Altogether, the year closes as it has run, as the brokers would say, on a very dull political market.

Abroad, the feature of the year has been the Mutiny in India. Spain, France, Russia, Germany, and the rest of the world, have been quiet enough; their history for 1857 can be very briefly written. But the eyes of the world have been fixed with unusual concern on the struggle which began in the Presidency of Bengal in the month of May last, and which, even at the present time, can not be considered as closed. This general concern has mainly arisen from the horror excited by the atrocities of the Sepoys. When the revolt first broke out, the notorious misgovernment and abominable tyranny of the East Indian Government rather led disinterested spectators to wish well to the insurgent cause. The Sepoys seemed to be men fighting for freedom. But not many weeks had elapsed before news came of outrages beyond the power of language to describe—of the butchery of little children and fair young girls by the Sepoys; and in an instant the sentiment of the civilized world experienced a change. From the day that the first accounts of the slaughter of women and children were published, no respectable voice has been raised in defense of the Indian mutineers. On the contrary, throughout the world the cry has been universal for their punishment, and the blood-thirsty indignation of the British in India has been shared alike by every civilized people on the globe.

By this time, as every one knows, the suppression of the revolt is a mere question of a few weeks. Thanks to the exploits of Havelock, Wilson, Greathead, and the other great soldiers whom this affair has brought into notice, the year 1857 will not end till every man in India is satisfied of the hopelessness of the endeavor to throw off the foreign yoke. The mutiny will be an episode as brief as thrilling in the future history of Hindostan.

This and the revulsion are the only events that will be remembered of the year. There was, at one time, a prospect that the year might have been commemorated by the opening of China; but that, too, has been postponed. The year will rank in history as decidedly dull.

THE FINANCIAL PANIC IN EUROPE.

EUROPE never saw so wide-spread a commercial revulsion as the one which took its rise in New York last September, and is now raging from Portugal to St. Petersburg, and from Scotland to Turkey. Till within our day, at least half of Europe enjoyed immunity from financial revulsions from the reason which now keeps Spain calm and undisturbed in the midst of the general tumult: there was no commerce to be overthrown. The magnitude of the present disaster is in exact proportion to the extent of the previous commercial activity. Spain laughs at revulsions, because commercial paralysis is the normal state of things there; the Bank of France gains specie and safely outrides the storm, because the French are gamblers and shopkeepers, not merchants; but London and Hamburg, the great seats of trade and enterprise, are almost overwhelmed by the intensity of the pressure. And as there has been throughout Europe a general and large increase of trade and industry within the past quarter of a century, the revulsion is far more sweeping and terrible than any that have ever been witnessed before.

Legislatures, there as here, are beating their brains in search of causes and remedies. All the currency doctors have specifics, which, if taken according to prescription, will forever preclude a recurrence of such accidents as commercial revulsions and bank suspensions. But the public wisely looks with no great confidence on these advisers and their nostrums.

It has long since been obvious to all conscientious observers that the revulsion flowed naturally from the undue expansion that was based on the production of gold from California and Australia. The increase of wealth which the world derived from these sources was immensely magnified by the imagination of merchants; and commerce, industry, and enterprise of all kinds, received a development based upon and proportioned to the magnified—not the real—increase of our resources. It has taken six years for the error which underlay this development to produce its effects. They have come at last, however, and the gorgeous edifice of credit which was reared on the gold discoveries has completely broken down.

What then is to follow? The mere mention of the cause suggests the effect. We must undo the work which was faulty, and start afresh on a solid basis. Prices must fall to their old level, and remain no further above it than our actual gain of wealth will justify. Liquidation — general liquidation — here and abroad, must precede any solid recovery. When prices have fallen; when the necessaries of life, labor, land, merchandise, and every purchaseable commodity have declined to the neighborhood of the point at which they stood in 1850, then, but not till then, will it be safe to conclude that the storm has passed and the sunshine is beginning.

What will come of all the projects that are being ventilated in the newspapers for new bank restrictions, and patent anti-revulsion systems? Nothing at all. As to the banks, they are a mere atom in the general bucket; though they undoubtedly helped the error which led to our trouble, they did so, merely in obedience to the general public sentiment, and as an integral part of the commercial system; they are not, in reality, any more guilty of our ruin than any particular drop in a glassful of poison is more rightly chargeable than the other drops with the death of the man who drinks it. We shall have no more bank restrictions; there are enough and to spare, if only they are fairly carried out by the men who have the control of the banks. Nor shall we have any legislation of consequence for the prevention of future commercial crises; for the simple reason that no legislation can be framed which shall devolve upon mankind the duties of prudence and wisdom. So long as mankind continue to be hopeful and credulous, revulsions will occur at periodical intervals, and no human effort can avail to prevent them. We may learn, as individuals, to guard against them, and always to be prepared for sudden disaster; but the commercial world as a whole must make up its mind to revulsions at set periods, just as men and women make up their minds to regular attacks of disease.

SETTLEMENT OF THE KANSAS QUESTION.

IF our news from Kansas be true, the Territorial Legislature have cut the Gordian knot in a rather unexpected manner, by directing that the people of the Territory shall be at liberty to reject altogether the Constitution framed at Lecompton, when the slavery clause is submitted to their vote. This would seem to cure all defects, and to leave no one the least room for further agitation. It is still possible that the turbulent spirits who are in such force in Kansas may endeavor to defeat the settlement of the dispute by fresh illegal demonstrations; but, on the whole, considering the state of public feeling, and the presence of the United States troops, the chances are the other way.

The politicians are entitled to general and sincere sympathy at this bereavement. Kansas has been for three years a *vache à lait* to all of them, North as well as South; they have lived on her, traded on her, built on her the edifice of their hopes. And now she is taken from them. Let us, with every expression of deep commiseration, hope and trust that many weeks may not elapse before some fresh excitement breaks out to take the place of Kansas, and supply the politicians with the capital without which their vocation would cease to pay.

SENATOR DOUGLAS.

THE English have one advantage over us: they report their Parliamentary debates in full; we give but a meagre summary of ours. Hence very few people in this country have any accurate notion of the speeches which Senator Douglas, for instance, has delivered on the pending issue between himself and the Administration. It is a serious loss. Those speeches deserve to be reported in full.

The late news from Kansas renders it probable that the present antagonism between Senator Douglas and the Administration will shortly cease, the cause being removed. We are thus open to no suspicion of partisanship if we say that the speeches of the Illinois Senator on this Kansas question deserve to be collected as models of strong, practical, logical eloquence; that they can bear a comparison with the best productions of Webster and Marcy, and that they are far better adapted for the study of young lawyers and politicians than nine-tenths of the books of oratory which are now in vogue.

THE LOUNGER.

ACT SECOND.

WITH this number of the *Weekly* begins the second volume. As the curtain rises, the Lounger stands, with the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, putting his hand on his heart, and making a bow.

He claims that he has worked in good company; that, on the whole, a fair result has been produced; that, viewed with shrewd and calculating eyes, you have rarely bought a better five cents' worth than when you have bought this paper.

You have had plenty of illustrations of places famous for the moment by the force of events; or always famous, by the force of historic, romantic, or religious association. You have had portraits of great men of all kinds all over the world—pictures of manners and customs in all countries—plans, and maps, and panoramas; you have had admirable drawings of character and national life, such as Hoppin's Newport Sketches, and his beautiful Thanksgiving scenes; and humorous, satirical, witty, and delightful bits, from all the best of our own and the most noted among the foreign artists. There are some people who do not like pictures; but, upon the whole, the taste of the world approves them, so that ours might well be called the age of illustration. How much Thackeray's "Virginians" gains from his own quaint illustrations! If you can take in a subject through two senses, so much the better.

Then, for reading, have you not had the most eminent and the most unknown (perhaps none the less deserving) authors? From Dickens, Bulwer, Wilkie Collins, the Man About Town, the Bohemien, "Prattle and Tattle," "Chat," the EDITOR himself; little sketches, amusing, pathetic, eccentric; calm surveys of books and literature, of art and society, and the great world of news, with Nelly Lancer and the other favoring correspondents of our Letter-box?

A fair purchase for five cents.

Now begins the second lustrum, with all the advantage of increased knowledge and wider experience. As we all stand bowing to you, our most gracious public and patron! we know what you want—we have felt your pulse—and the hands upon our hearts are the assurance to you that, if we have rightly read your tastes and wishes, we will most industriously strive to gratify them.

Precious public! it is your five cents that shall keep our five senses busy for your entertainment. Behold us in a line!—fraternally linked by the hands—bowing in profound humility, and wishing you a happy New-Year! We know our places. We make moonlight and thunder behind the scenes. We are dreadfully afraid of you people who sit in front, eating pea-nuts, and knowing perfectly well that we are only Nick Bottom and Snug the joiner, and no lion at all; and when we make our most successful rain, we listen behind in terror lest you should cry (for we know that you know all about it) "*Beans! beans!*"

So, here begins the Second Act. The celebrated Sir Bulwer Lytton will now show what he *is* going to do with it; and whatever is done by him, or any body else any where, shall not fail to come to your ears and eyes as rapidly as possible.

Ding, ling! ding, ling! There's the bell!

Enter News-boy. "Here's your *Harper's Weekly*; beginning of a new volume; only five cents!"

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

"THE merry, merry bells of Yule" will have died into silence before the Lounger can wish his Merry Christmas. But the good wishes do not end with the music of the bells. They run through all the year like the beauty of the gifts and the voices of the children who hail the day.

Christmas is, of course, a universal festival in all Christendom; but it seems to belong especially to England. In Italy it is magnificent, if you see the Pope in procession and the holy cradle in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. In Germany it is as gay as any festival can be in those gray German December days, and the Christmas trees twinkle with their fiery blossoms in many happy homes. In France few festivals rise above the general level of festivity, so as to be especially remarked. In America to have a holiday is to draw an elephant. But in England the day is most closely intertwined with a hundred associations. The poets, the story-tellers, and the historians all delight in it, so that English literature is fragrant with the misletoe. The mere word Christmas is a spell to conjure visions of cheerful country-life—of charity aroused in the city—of glad hearts, good cheer, and dance, and song, and a general feeling of the great common humanity typified in Him whose birth the day commemorates.

Of these English authors Milton and Dickens are the two whose names are most closely blended with the season.

Milton's hymn of the Nativity is one of the greatest of odes. It is the stateliest strain of the most stately of poets. It has a majesty of rhythm almost beyond that of any other work in literature; a grandeur like that of a vast cataract or an ample river, full at once of repose, of power, and of grace. The religious severity of Milton's mind—his expansive scholarship, which compelled tributes of beauty for the adorning of his verse from every region of literature—his imagination, which used for illustration among these only what was in its very name musical or inevitably suggestive by its association—that regal melancholy, profound yet bright, like the sea in summer—all that is most distinctive in Milton's character and genius leaves its impress upon this wondrous hymn.

Charles Lamb says Milton should be read to the playing of organs; but this hymn makes its own music. It flows on with billowy harmonies. Humboldt tells us of the musical rocks upon the banks of the Orinoco, filling all the air with melody—so rolls the hymn of the Nativity, like a magnificent river through a silent land, pealing forth a celestial song.

Yet if the general character of this noble hymn suggests the vast sky of stars which overhung the listening Syrian shepherds, so do the "Christmas Carols" recall the songs of peace and good-will which those shepherds heard beneath those stars.

There were never such sermons before, never such stories with a moral, as the Christmas tales of Dickens. The play of humor, of pathos, of exquisitely exaggerated character — each of which would make the fame of any author—are all dexterously subordinated to the simple moral, a course which would ruin the fame of almost any other author.

Probably few writings of any kind have ever had a more direct good influence upon men and society, or more beautifully shown how the magic of genius elevates and illuminates. The dark, dingy, dreadful town, with poverty, and toil, and crime, is made, under the light of a few generous Christian emotions, to glow and shine like the celestial city. Simple virtues invest common men and women like heavenly robes, and in the homeliest, most surprising, most touching, and memorable manner, the profoundest words of the teacher who names the day, are borne in upon the mind and left flowering in the heart—"the kingdom of heaven is within you."

In all Christian churches, as is most fit, a solemn service is held on Christmas-day. Music and preaching, with the exchange of friendly greetings, and the quiet inward vow, celebrate the festival. But there is another service which may well be performed in every family by the hearth, the altar of the home, and that is the reading of the Bible story of Christ's birth, followed by Milton's hymn of the Nativity; and for sermon and application and illustration, some one of Dickens's Carols.

That is a service which will not seem, even to the youngest child, formal or a matter of course; but in the years to come, long and long hereafter, when the genial pen that wrote the Carols writes no longer, and the voices that read the Carols now are silent forever, that youngest child may perpetuate the fond tradition to his children, and add to the story and the hymn that tender pathos of association which shall make his Christmas to his age, as his elders made it to his childhood—the loveliest day of the year—a feast—a sacrament.

THE *PRESENT* SEASON.

"No, Sir, don't talk to me. This is something I happen to know about. You may depend upon it there will not be half as many visits made by Santa Claus, or more properly Saint Nicholas, as in the last five years. No, Sir; I tell you no, Sir. Now mark my words; just mark my words."

That is not a pleasing style of conversation, even when the other man has all his natural advantages. But fancy the Lounger with his face soaped, his head lying helpless upon a barber's chair, and the razor at his very throat, and, at this fearful disadvantage, subject to hearing that exasperating sort of conversation!

First of all, it isn't so; Santa Claus never comes to any body but children, and he will come to them during this last week of the year as much as ever; not so richly laden, not with such stuffed pockets, but nobody who has ever given his child a gift will do any less this year because he may be poorer. Any thing will answer—a wooden bucket—a puzzle—a book. Don't be afraid, Tommies and Jimmies, you will be sure to get some remembrance. Santa Claus will not forget you.

But the rest of us he does not know. There is no lovely fiction of Santa Claus when Smith gives Brown a gold pencil (Brown is Smith's book-keeper at three hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum), nor when one dearest girl gives a love of a bracelet to another. And here is where the loss will fall. This is the pretty exchange that will be annihilated by the hard times.

But then this is a heavy piece of work at the best. The worst of getting a present from somebody you are not intimate with is, that you can not help regarding it in the light of an involuntary loan. You have no peace of mind until it is repaid. Therefore every man should consider maturely whether he has a right to give the little gift he is designing to bestow on his unsuspicious neighbor.

Not that we are inclined to be too charitable. That is not a universal failing. But so often, when we get the steam up, we rush at it the wrong way, like a harbor-tug in the fog that meant to go to Tillietudlem, and finds, when it comes to itself, that it has also come to Sandy Hook.

So it may be quite as well that the promiscuous present-giving has come to an end for the present; and that Mrs. De Gall will not send a highly-embellished box of bonbons to Mrs. Hyssop, whom she loves as old orthodox Hebrews love pork. But she may take heart. We have not all gone to the bottom, nor has the bottom itself fallen out. The years will bring again the chance that this year loses, and the same things will be done hereafter as heretofore.

But it will be well worth while to make a good start—at least for those who really wish to run well and arrive somewhere—by resolving from this time to make gifts mean something when big people give them to big people. You love Boggles enough to give him a light from your cigar. Now from Boggles up there are plenty of levels upon which people stand with you. Don't give your butter-woman a diamond pin. If she have delicate honor she will decline it, or, if she must take it, the joy of her life is over for wondering how she can ever repay the favor. If she have a less sensitive feeling, she will sell it for what she can get.

Your butter-woman?

Yes; but have you fully made up your mind which she is?

You know she is not the woman who sells butter, but she who has not a soul above butter.

Do you think she is any the more disguised because she may be hooped like an enormous firkin? Have you never seen a grocer's shop lined with satin and furnished with rosewood? Have you never swigged and smoked in bar-rooms with soft carpets and Bohemian glass?

Diamonds and pearls and roses are for maidens, and queens, and princesses; and they are as likely to live in poor houses and wear only clean clothes.

"Fact, Sir, fact. Don't talk to me. I tell you yes, Sir. Mark my words; yes, Sir, mark my words."

How does any man dare to talk in that way? 'Scat! get out!

OUR LETTER-BOX.

FIRST of all, the Lounger wishes his many correspondents the happiest of New Years, and all the luxuries of the season.

His Letter-box has proved a kind of little trap to catch nightingales whose songs might otherwise have been unheard—or a sort of Lord Ross's telescope resolving a good deal of anonymous brilliancy into fixed stars—or, yet once more, a shrewd spy-glass with which he has peered into many a hidden and remote nest, full of birds of pretty plumage and sweet voice—and he has beckoned the world to look over his shoulder and see and hear what he hears and sees.

Thus to-day he finds a strain from the banks of the Mississippi—not from a blue-bird or black-bird, for they are out of season—but green-birds are always in time, and, this time, in tune. Why should the side-notes be omitted, as the bird requests? All his notes are valuable, and he ought to be proud of it in these dismal days.

THE POETRY OF LOVE.

"There's a great deal of poetry in love—it's all poetry."—*Old Play.*

1. The poetry of human love
Is o'er us constant stealing;
It thrills through every *vital* nerve, (Put a better word than *vital.*)
New *pleasures* still revealing. (Get some other word than *pleasures.*)
2. It opens beauties to the eye, (Idea stolen from some one. Owner not remembered, perhaps Pope or Addison.)
Brings music to the ear,
Gives holy essence to the sigh,
And consecrates the tear. (2d stanza good.)
3. It beams in every sunny ray, (Not true, but good—though it don't mean any thing.)
It trembles on the leaf;
It's rainbow glows upon the spray— (Bad line.)
'Tis all our joy or grief. (Worse.)
4. It binds our hearts in dearest ties,
Gives brightest charms to life; (Stanza 4. Not good—can't understand it.)
And breathes the language of the skies
To soften human strife.
5. Thank Heaven that yet 'tis mine to feel
A love that may not die;
The blood without it would congeal, (2 last lines of 5 good.)
The heart would petrify.
6. It almost brings me back to youth,
When faith and hope were young, (No. 6 "fair to prime.")
And Nature's voice, in earnest truth,
Was music on the tongue.
7. If gather'd years so chill'd the heart
That it could love no longer,
Then faith and hope might all depart— (No. 7 "middling.")
And not, as now, grow stronger!

GREAT UNKNOWN!—If you print the above, leave off the side-notes. Mrs. Green says the lines will do; but I confess I have not much faith in them, though I think she is a good judge of poetry (or judg*ess*), for she always says mine is better than any other in the world, she believes. One reason for this opinion, however, may possibly be that she never reads any other. Besides, she is a very economical woman, and perhaps has a prejudice in favor of *home-made* poetry. It is a great thing in a family to make your own poetry and your own mince-meat—thus, while Mrs. G. insists that my poetry is the best in the world, *I know* that her mince-pies were never equaled.

Truly yours, AMAZING GREEN.

ST. LOUIS, *December*, 1857.

—*Jim* makes one mistake. The Lounger did not hope "to draw people out," but to draw them *in*—to his box. But he makes no mistake when he speaks well of the ever-pointed pencil of Hoppin. As for the Lounger's photograph, let it remain invisible. Some things are better unseen. There are some illusions, *Jim*, that should be cherished. The outward appearance of the Lounger is one of them. A sensitive Oriental, who has married his wife while she is still vailed, might, and should, long hesitate in lifting the vail from her features. Let him believe her what he thinks all brides should be—young, beautiful, and modest. Let him believe her to be Venus. But to lift the vail is to destroy the possibility of illusion. Under a vail Helen and Hecate are the same.

Jim will surely appreciate what the Lounger hopes *Jim* will consider the Lounger's modesty.

Dec., 1857.

DEAR LOUNGER,—I appreciate letters, and to some people I like to address them. I have a good many correspondents, but very few of them write any thing interesting. At first, when you invited every body to write to you, I thought it was a very strange idea, to say the best of it; but now I see into your object. You want to draw people out. I must give you credit for being so well versed in the operation.

I don't know as I have any thing particular to say to you, only that I like you, and hope to get a printed letter from you every week. I am glad to see Hoppin's pencil so often in the *Weekly*, and the oftener it employs such a genius as his the better for it. I consider Hoppin the best artist in America—comic or otherwise. Don't you, Lounger? By-the-by, talking of art, why will you not let Brady take your ambrotype or photograph, and put it at the head of your lounging place? Do let your admirers see your good old face. Yours truly,

JIM.

—*Modeste* can say nothing of bishops of any kind which the Lounger is not glad to hear. In fact, only *Modeste* ought to write of such subjects; and if the English of this gentle correspondent is neither Addisonian nor Johnsonian, is that her fault? Are not her ideas clear enough? When the June sun shines, as it were, in a mottled manner through broken June clouds, do they obscure the light?

Not at all, Sir; not at all.

SELMA, ALA., *december* 14, 1857.

DEAR, DEAR LOUNGER!!!—I wonder if the methodiste conferences of Alabama have any thing interesting for you to hear of? I (a brune, platonic philosopher girl of seventeen) have attended their meetings for the last fifteen days, with about four hundred of my fellows silk-weavers, and found patient to the last; ay, even when the white hair, black eye-brow bishop told us that "Alabamians Ladies have no modesty." I was placed in a situation to control the emotions of my sisters, and the result was: appearent insensibility; it was not so to me, and the puzzling matter of my writing to you is: Did the honorable bishop attack our snuf-teeth-rubbing, our faces black, white and red painted, skirt-baloon wearing, or our moral and intellectual adjective?

A propos, dear Lounger about baloons, Prosper . . . . a young entousiastic frenchman a friend of mine, ho, just now tel me that the Sun is stronger than thousans of loaded rail-ways trains, (poverino) send you a new form of aerostat with wich he promise to convey the incomparable *Horper* across the oceanic plateau to the "Badeauds parisiens" in less than . . . . . . he counts it by hours and minutes, with an head wind; he, or it is pretty quik, but he did not receive any news of his drawn baloon.

Hooping, hoping you will enlightnen each idea, Hope's King having taken the sceptre, I place under your royal dependency MODESTE.

Nota Bene.—of those 400 ladies, there was
good looking.. 6
Pretty........ 3
Beautiful..... 1 the last was me, of course.

—JOHN SCHMYTHE, of Albany, ought to know that a Lounger is not a being who can be tormented or troubled by any quantity of "silly stuff." Is not his very business the study of mankind? Is he not officially the recipient of an immense correspondence? Ought a coal-heaver to be discomposed by dust?

In reply to his question, the Lounger says with alacrity that *John Schmythe*, of Albany, is doubtless the secret occasion of the meeting of the late Scientific Congress in that city—an accomplished, original, caustic, and discriminating individual, with all the personal gifts and graces that dignify and adorn our common humanity.

The Lounger is confident that his Letter-box will always be lighter (of course, in the sense of illuminated) by the favors of his good friend *Schmythe*.

ALBANY, *December*, 1857.

MOST LEARNED LOUNGER,—I have taken the advice you gave me very kindly, and hope I shall profit by it. I have purchased a pair of spectacles, and hope to see better than before.

And now, Mr. Lounger, as I believe you are pretty good at guessing, I should like to know what kind of a man, woman, or child you suppose I am. I am sure, with all your learning, you can not answer that question correctly.

I am writing this on purpose to torment and trouble you with reading it, as I do not suppose you will publish or answer such silly stuff as this.

I wish that I could find words to express how much I think of your paper. I would say that in my opinion it is *the best* that is published; and for you, my dear fellow, I have this wish:

May your shadow never grow less,
Nor your wit nor your wisdom grow small;
For you do make me think, I confess,
You're an excellent Lounger withal.

Yours, JOHN SCHMYTHE.

—IBRAHIM BELLFLOWER may be very sure that if roses can understand singing, and nightingales mean any thing when they prick their breasts and bleed sweet songs, the rose loves to hear the nightingale, though that poetic bird may warble nothing else forever than "Dear beautiful rose."

What is true of roses is true of women; what is true of one sex is true of the other, for both are human; what is true of women is so, in respect of vanity at least, of men. (Ask Mrs. Bellflower, or the belle who is only a bud now not yet flowered into the Mrs., whether men or women are vainest.) Then editors are men, and a Lounger is a kind of editor. Therefore, what is true of roses is true of Loungers, and they love to hear how witty, and gay, and agreeable they are.

SPRINGFIELD, O., *Dec.* '57.

TO THE LOUNGER,—I hardly know whether it is right for me to write to you or not, having nothing to say, either interesting or beneficial, without it is to tell you how much I think of the *Weekly*; how I wait for its visit as anxiously as if it owed me a thousand dollars—and you hear enough of that every day, anyhow. Still, I hope it won't fluster you much if I write to you now and then—will it? Being nothing but a kind of premature *Bohemien*, with a great longing, or rather a determination, to be somebody in the wide, wide world—"a man or a mouse"—and a firm conviction that the pen is mightier than the sword, and that practice makes perfect, whether in making matches (Lucifer) or building houses.

I want to commence early, and get used to it; and if I may write to you sometimes, I'll do the best I can. If you write all those letters yourself, like the "Easy Chair" does, I am, of course, out of order, and will, I suppose, be unceremoniously ruled into the waste-basket. If not, perhaps I can get into your Letter-box, and from that into the *Weekly*. If I see this there, I will try and do better next time. I want to say more, but I will keep it till next time; if it's good for any thing it will keep. I kiss my hand to you most reverently. *Au revoir.* Yours always,

IBRAHIM BELLFLOWER.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

EXPLOITING CHRISTMAS.

I DON'T pretend to be any more particular about small matters than the rest of the world. In point of fact it is the particular province of the Bohemien to be liberal, and sometimes to say things which touch not gently upon certain pet ideas which have age and respectability to back them up. But I really can not stand the exploitation, for business purposes, of the religious services intended to commemorate the advent of the Redeemer. This, however, has been done in several of our fashionable churches, and I have before me a ticket of admission to a musical entertainment given on Christmas-day, in a church, as part of the services. Some musician has composed a new Mass, and he takes this method of introducing his work to the public. There are vocalists also regularly announced, after the fashion of the theatres. There will be the swell of voluptuous music; the anthem, with the meretricious trills, and shakes, and roulades of the Opera-house; the jeweled and perfumed congregation; the sweet preacher; and all the pomp and pageantry of gilded Christianity. I trust it will do no harm if I preach my Christmas sermon, which is somewhat more simple. Read:

ST. LUKE, ii., 7 to 14.

7. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

8. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

10. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

There, Sir, when do you think we shall ever realize the sublimity, the simplicity, the grandeur of that first Christmas? Do you think that Mr. Fugue, the celebrated composer, would have troubled his head about writing masses for that child, "wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger?" Do you believe that Madame Bravura, the great prima donna, would have vouchsafed a single *cadensa* for the son of Joseph, the carpenter, who was so poor that he was obliged to flee out of Galilee to avoid the capitation tax imposed by Augustus? No, Sir; you know as well as I do that they would have sung in praise of the Emperor, of Herod the tetrarch, of Pontius Pilate, and of the good old order of things, so long as the good old order of things proved lucrative.

I believe that there are good men and women enough in our churches to prevent musicians from making a trading day of a great Christian festival; but I can't say that I have any very strong hopes that they will do so.

THE HOLIDAYS.—ADVICE TO YOUNG NEW YORK.

FROM positive observation of the fact, I am induced to believe that there are some children in New York—real children—children who make great rows about the house—children who tumble down stairs—children who "bump" their heads against marble projections—children who spend their money like sailors or Irishmen, and generally make themselves nuisances of a pleasant character. I trust that these young people will make even more noise than usual this year, and that their patron saint will redeem his character, lately somewhat injured in the infantile community by false and malicious reports circulated by interested parties.

It is not to these representatives of little New York that I would speak just now, but to that grand and imposing representative of the dignity of the American character—the hope and pride of the country—Young New York! Young New York, who arrays himself in the richest attire, and goes forth slaying hecatombs of female hearts at every step—Young New York, the Juggernaut which crushes even crinoline beneath its resistless wheels.

I am conscious that the pillars of this estimable class of society—the young men who are already "out"—need no advice from me. They are splendid fellows, who know a great deal, Sir; fellows who are good judges of billiards, and brandy, and fast horses, and other fast things; fellows who are generally up to all kinds and varieties of snuff. But there are young men who are not "out," who gaze upon the splendor of their seniors with anxious expectations of the time when they shall be able to say, I too am ruined, body and soul. It is to these lambs that I wish to address a few words of advice—to prevent them, if possible, from falling into the snares to which youth and innocence are always liable, but more especially so during the holidays. Listen!

On New-Year's Day you will rise early, and prepare for the grand events which are approaching. You have already written out a list of the ladies whose drawing-rooms you intend to illuminate with the splendor of your presence. You will be aided and abetted by another youth, and you will take care that he is not more brilliant than yourself. As to dress, the English fashion is in vogue just now. You will, therefore, wear a very bad hat, or Scotch cap, a garrote shirt-collar, a loud scarf, a rough coat, staring plaid waistcoat, loose, baggy trowsers, and thick shooting-shoes. There are some low fellows who think that they ought to show their respect for the ladies upon whom they call by appearing in full dress. But they are far behind the times. No fellow of any spirit has any respect for any lady nowadays.

As to your behavior, there are two distinct characters which you may assume. The most fashionable is that of the *blasé* man of the world, but that is difficult; very few fellows are up to it, and the girls can throw you off your guard very easily if they see you are in the least bit liable to be upset. The best thing to do is to assume the light, dashing, witty, clever, and agreeable. You may do this without being either light, dashing, witty, or agreeable; and I append a few infallible rules by which you may be governed:

Avoid remarks about the weather.

When asked if you have made many calls, reply about five thousand; but none so pleasant, etc., etc.

If the lady is acquainted with your immediate relatives, and makes inquiries as to their state of health, you may reply, in a light and easy way, that the old governor (meaning your progenitor) is "jolly;" that the old lady is tip-top; and that the girls are feeling "like bricks;" all of which expressions, as they convey no meaning of themselves, are extremely witty, and quite good *ton*.

You may fill up the dreadful intermission between the arrival in the drawing-room and the invitation to refreshments by a joke or two. This is dangerous ground; but I have arranged one or two of a simple character, suitable for beginners, thus: A pun may be made upon lemonade, as *lemon-aid*, when you offer to assist the hostess in serving it out. A simple conundrum thus: Why is a lady, on New-Year's Day, like a popular clergyman? Because she is always receiving calls. There is another form of conundrum, which often misses fire, where you ask, Why is one thing like a certain other thing? and after every body has given it up, you say that you really don't know. That sort of joke requires a very keen perception; and I would not advise you to try it unless you meet a very clever lady. I have known several young women, presumed to be intelligent, who never could see the fun about it at all.

Never try the *bon mot*. It is too much for you, and never would be appreciated if it were not.

If other people call while you are present, and you don't know them, be as rude as possible; and if they seem at all abashed, increase their confusion by quizzing them. It is very pretty sport, and generally quite safe.

Always carry your hat in your hands, otherwise you may be puzzled to know what to do with them.

Take all your friends when you call at a house where you are but little acquainted. It is such great sport to see a lady trying to do the civil thing when she really wishes that you were in—Arkansas, or any other very remote locality.

Always sit down to refreshment table with your back to the hostess. Eat and drink as much as you can; call for things which are not on the table; talk loudly and coarsely; thus will you "get rid of all the women," and prove that you are a fellow that has seen life and knows what he is about.

Late in the day you may call any where and do any thing without running any more risk than that of being kicked out, which is something that every fellow has to stand once, and without which his education can not be considered to have been completed. I have seen a fellow make quite a reputation by dragging a young lady to the piano, and insisting upon a song. She ran away; he mounted on the top of the instrument, and chanted a rather severe comic ballad with great applause.

Always offer to shake hands when introduced to a lady. It is the height of good breeding.

In the evening it is quite good sport to distress belated servant girls in the streets, or to bully omnibus drivers. It used to be the style to pitch into the police, but that is a little dangerous these times, as they all carry revolving pistols now.

If you follow these rules, taking care to get very drunk, you may count upon having on the second day of the New Year the proud consciousness that you are a splendid young fellow, although you may have a bad headache, no digestion for a week, and a general seediness and shakiness, all of which are quite fashionable nowadays, I can assure you.

A PUFF FOR THE QUEEN.

THE descendants of the Bohemians of Plymouth Rock had their annual feast at the Astor House the other day. There was quite the usual amount of blarney about the Pilgrims, who never intended to land at Plymouth, and particularly not at that time of the year. Getting into rather an ugly scrape, however, they displayed the usual Anglo-Saxon pluck, and made the best of the matter. And that is the whole story. Not the whole story for after-dinner orators, however. They elaborate it, and twist it, and turn it into all sorts of shapes, and give the poor Fathers credit for plenty of things they never thought of. If one is patient, and, like Master John Hodner, a close investigator, he may pick a plum yoke or two out of this oratorical pudding. I see but one this year, and that has been made by a gallant mariner who replied to a toast about the Army and Navy (two necessary evils at which the Puritan Fathers did most incontinently turn up their noses). Now, as a general thing, when your naval or military man has to say "Charge" or "Fire," he can do it quite well; but that is a different affair from standing up before a lot of orators, lawyers, clergymen, and reporters, and making a set speech. The gallant officer said nothing about the Navy of course (people never do say any thing about the especial matters in the sentiment to which they intend to speak), but a great deal about what a jolly time he had of it in England, and how the English were getting to think pretty well of us, for which we ought to be very thankful. I am sure that I am. The mariner now speaks in the following handsome manner about the Queen:

"I have heard the Queen talked of as a good woman. She is one of the best sovereigns that Great Britain ever had. She is not only a good woman, but a good mother, faithful to her children and faithful to her country; leaving no stone unturned for the good of the nation. She always pays attention to her children, such as few ladies do in her position, or even in positions not so high."

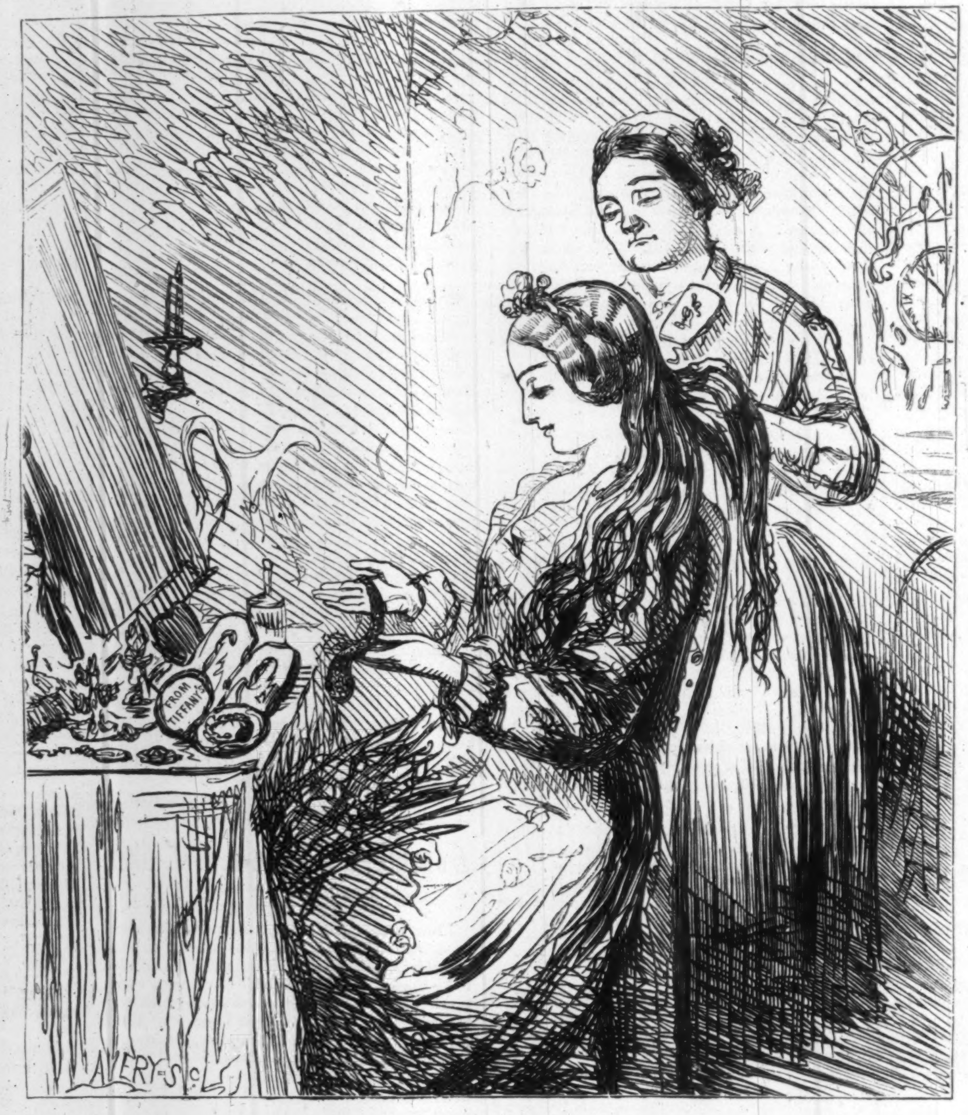
That I call a very good notice; and I hope that Lord Palmerston will take some notice of it in the House of Commons. The old Puritans liked kings and queens very much, especially Charles the First, who was not only a good man, but a good father; faithful, etc., as he understood, and paid a great deal of attention to little James and Charles, two amiable boys also much loved by the rulers of Plymouth, Waumkeag, and Boston. I should like to know how many "ladies" the mariner has seen in the "position" of the Queen of England, and what she does for the good of the nation. I always labored under the impression that the British Constitution was an unique instrument, the fellow of which could not be found elsewhere, and that the personality of the sovereign was not of the slightest political consequence.

Now, here's the speech the mariner should have made:

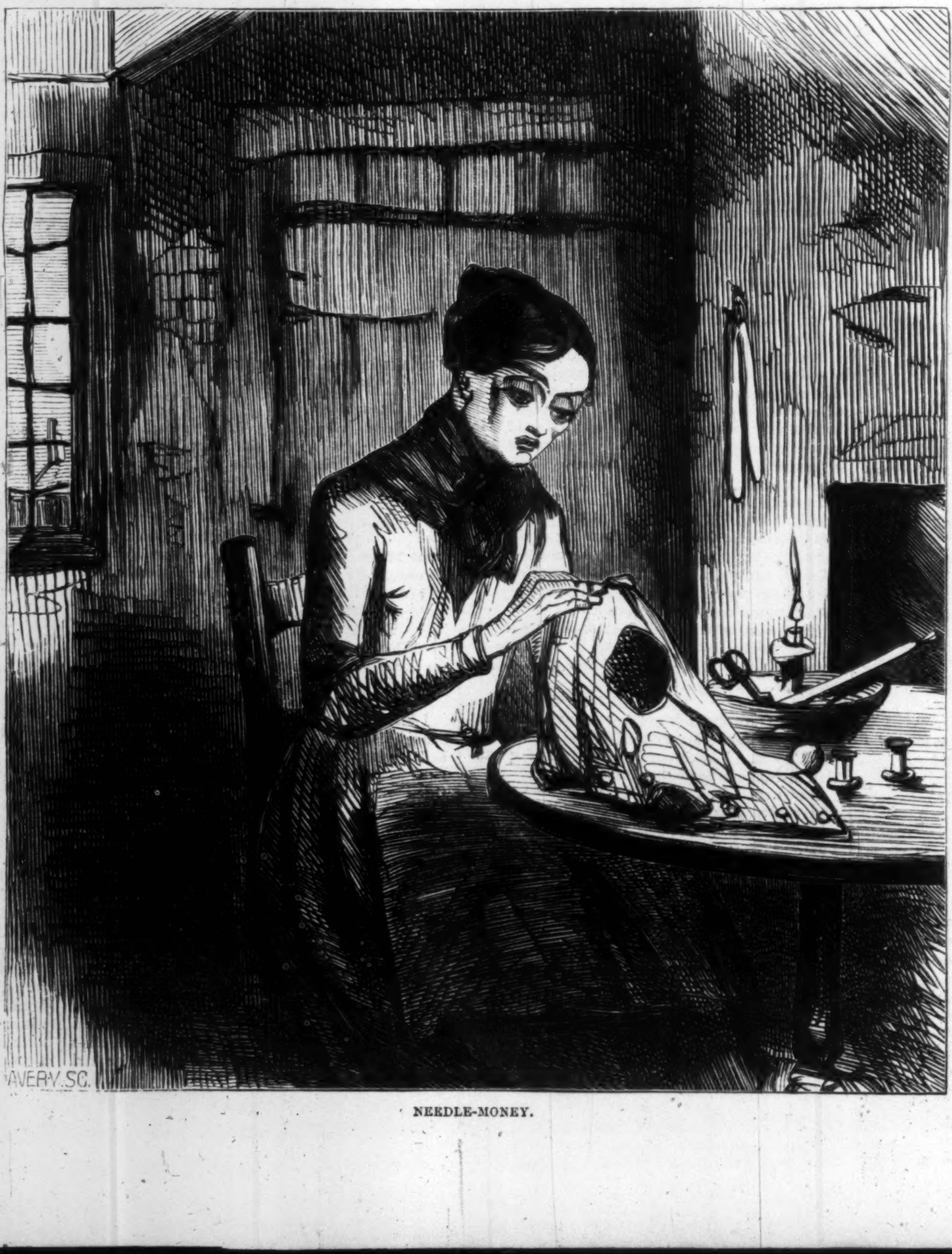
"I'm not much of a hand at long yarns, shipmates, especially when I'm surrounded by people who make their pay and rations by spinning of 'em. [Hear, hear, and laughter.] About the Army I can't say any thing, because I don't know any thing; but I can tell you this about the Navy: that it is a —— ungrateful service, where a fellow may wear himself out, and get kicked on the retired list for his pains. And if Congress and the papers would just let the Navy alone, except about the pay—and we must have more of that—we would do very well. Thanking you, shipmates, for the compliment you have paid the service, I'll bring myself to anchor."

There, Sir, is not that about the thing? I shall not copyright it, but give full permission to all distressed mariners who fear that they will run ashore on the Shoals of Hesitation or go to pieces on Break-down Rock, to use it as they like. BOHEMIEN.

PIN-MONEY AND NEEDLE-MONEY.



PIN-MONEY.



NEEDLE-MONEY.

MY lovely friend, Clara Ronderton, has received, in lieu of the balance of pin-money to which she was entitled from her generous father, "a few trifles" from Tiffany's. Two hundred and fifty dollars a month is the *bagatelle* on which this economical young lady contrives to dress herself, and supply herself with gloves, pomades, and *extraits Lubin*; and to her credit be it observed that she is rarely seen in rags. Such is the fruit of good training and early habits of moderation and self-denial.

Strange vicissitudes of fortune! Thirty years ago, Josiah Ronderton was a porter in the house of Stiggs & Co., Grocers. Every body remembers the great house of Stiggs, whose operations could change the face of the market in a day. Josiah was a steady, hard-working young man, who was thoroughly trusted by his employers, and who employed his evenings in acquiring a knowledge of book-keeping and commerce. After working as a porter for several years, Josiah one day accosted the head of the house, old Dave Stiggs—

"Sir, I'm not satisfied with my position; I wish you would take me into the office, and let me do some of the writing and accounts. I don't care about salary, but I want to rise."

Old Dave fell back with amazement, and made his porter repeat his request.

"Joe, my boy," said he at length, "you're a fool! It's all nonsense talking about rising. Stay where you are; you've got a good berth, and I'll give you an extra fifty for turkeys at Christmas. Roll casks, Joe, roll casks; that's your vocation."

"Very good, Mr. Stiggs," said Joe, who was too wise to make a scene.

Young Stiggs, who had had a hearty laugh over the story of poor Joe's request, and whose beautiful wife, and splendid house, and fast horses, and magnificent career generally were the delight of the town—young Stiggs, I say, trampled on Joe's toes pretty roughly. He was a gentleman of a pretty humor and would chaff poor Joe; as—

"I say, Joe, it strikes me you're not so active as you used to be; you don't roll the casks fast enough. Has any body been setting you above your trade, Joe?" or "Joe, my boy, we're losing money fast; ah! how devilish lucky you are to be a porter, and sure of your pay every Saturday!"

To all of which Joe only answered, "True, Mr. Stiggs, very true. But we'll do better."

One day, it was twenty years ago, a foolish and insane idea possessed the people of this country. They would not believe that the United States Bank was the most useful, and the safest, and the best institution in the country. David Stiggs was one of the few who opposed this delusion. He maintained that the banks and especially the Great Bank were impregnable, and when any sold their stock, Dave Stiggs bought. He and Nick Biddle, he said, could fight the rest of the merchants. The fight was long and tough; but it ended—alas for the vanity of human triumphs!—in the victory of an insane public, and in the overthrow of the Great Bank, the small banks, Nick Biddle, and old Dave Stiggs.

A few weeks thereafter, soon after Dave had blown out his brains in his despair at being ruined, the store which he had occupied was refitted, and a new shingle hung out. It bore the name of

JOSIAH RONDERTON, COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Young Livingston Stiggs swore it was the best joke he had ever heard: "Egad, the f'la was our porter!" For his own part, the failure of the house concerned him little. He had been well trained to business, and was remarkably industrious and shrewd. He would work his way out of his embarrassments, and then build up a new fortune. And he bestirred himself manfully. It was, however, no easy task; the Bankrupt Act did not come a day too soon for Livingston Stiggs—who took the benefit of it, got whitewashed, and started afresh.

But the taint of the old house hung round him. The enemies whom the prosperity of the father had created avenged themselves on the son. He met obstacles—unexpected, unaccountable obstacles—on every side. The best of the business of the old house of Stiggs & Co. had descended lineally to Josiah Ronderton. New business proved unprofitable. And so, after a long struggle, Livingston Stiggs failed again.

This time the break-down was final. The man's energy had been wasted. He sank, and disease supervening, he became dependent upon his wife—the beautiful, dashing creature, who had been the *belle* of the city—for support. She died, heart-broken; and, at last, the only livelihood of the son and heir of Livingston Stiggs was obtained from the needle-money of his daughter. She had been born in finest linen, cradled in richest lace, decked out in child's-clothes of silk and satin: she burns her candle to the socket every night now, working—to support her father—for the family of her grandfather's porter, Josiah Ronderton.

Strange contrast!—pin-money and needle-money. But, take the world as a whole, and there's but a generation between them. The father, rich; the son, poor; the children of the nabob dying in garrets or hospitals provided by the munificence of the children of the nabob's servants; the daughter of Crœsus intriguing to secure for *her* daughter the gracious smile of the son of Crœsus's stable-boy: such is our history—in this democratic and scheming country. Scheme we never so wisely, we never can contrive to do more than the law allows to testators; namely, to provide for two generations of our posterity: the third generation, the great-grandchildren, are beyond our reach and our power, and, in nine instances out of ten, the great-grandchildren of every rich man will be poor, and of every poor man rich. There is hope as well as sorrow in the thought.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXIV.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The last View of Mount Lebanon.—A Mediterranean Gale.—A sea-sick Turk.—Mustapha in Despair.—The Harem and the Eunuchs.—A heavy Sea.—A Plunge down the Companion-way.—John Steenburger nearly throttles a Eunuch.—Latakia, ancient Laodicea of Syria, and its Ruins.—Alexandretta.—The Battle-field of Issus.

I BELIEVE that my last letter ended abruptly with the approach of the steamer to Tripoli, which place I had mentioned, and perhaps described, in a former communication. What with the rolling and pitching of the next night, and the events of two or three days following, my brain is not now in any of the best condition to recall what I did write about.

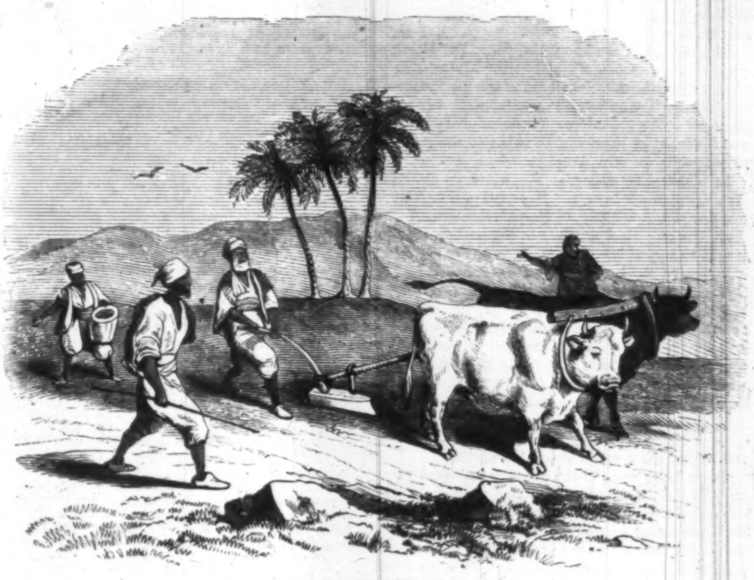
We remained only an hour or two at Tripoli. The city lies some three miles from the village at the port where we swung to anchor, and we did not go ashore. The wind rose after dark. We got away at nine or ten o'clock, and plunged at once into a head-sea. By this time it was blowing a tempest. Sudden storms are characteristic of the Mediterranean. I have had frequent occasion to remark this as illustrative of numerous passages of the Sacred History, especially in the voyages of Paul. A soft south wind, which would be apt to tempt a sailor out of a harbor like the Fair Havens, will suddenly change into a furious norther and blow for days with unabating power. Then it will flatten down instantly to a dead calm, and the sea, in four hours, will look as if a wind never blew over it.

Plunge, plunge, creak, creak, the ship went rolling all night long on her northward voyage. We had a sorry time of it on board. Mustapha Pasha lay sick on deck, and three several times he rolled out from under the canvas, and presented each time the picture of despair incarnated. You have seen sea-sick people, but did you ever look at a sea-sick Turk? No? Then you have one more sight before you in the catalogue of terrible pictures. Why, Sirs, it is indescribable in its horror. Danté should—Danté must have seen them before he described some of the tormented. There was a swinging light on the quarter-deck, and another under the canvas, and when the body of the half-dead Turk rolled out I saw it, and when it rolled in the ladies saw it, and from the occasional bursts of fun that would come at the precise moments when he disappeared under the canvas, I had reason to think the old fellow did not greatly excite the commiseration of his harem.

I remained on deck till long after midnight. It was clear, and the moon was very bright, and I can assure you the scene was one of the finest I have ever enjoyed. But it was not so much the white caps of the sea, the flashing waves, the grand night that was worth seeing. It was the majesty of Lebanon, going down behind us, the snow-capped summits that look down on the Holy Land, touched and sanctified by the white light of the moon, and now fast disappearing from my longing vision.

It were blessed, I thought, to linger out my lifetime there, and die on the borders of the Promised Land! You who have not been there can not imagine with what yearning the heart turns to the sacred soil; with what earnest love the affections draw us back thither. From the moment that I set my foot on the eastern slope of Lebanon I began to feel an oppression stealing over me, an overwhelming sense of loss that I can not make apparent to you, because you have never felt it. It is not like home-sickness. That does not define it. It is like the desire for repose that the disquieted dead might have. The feeling that we are leaving a country where is calm rest of mind, faith that could make death itself welcome, where the world does not enter, where one cares nothing for the pomps and vanities, the trials and sicknesses of life.

On my faith, Sir, as I, stout man that I am, walked that quarter-deck and looked back to the Holy Land, I envied sweet Alice Warren her holy rest by the Sea of Galilee, and wished I, too, were there.



EASTERN PLOWING.

You will laugh at this, or call it sentimental. What care I if you do? I felt so then. I don't feel precisely so now; but I would be content to go with clothes and food and sit down in Jerusalem for the rest of my life, and die and be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

I thought the old craft would shake her old ribs out of her at last. By one o'clock she was behaving like a mad thing. She yawed and swung in a lubberly way down the sides of the seas, and at length, while I stood holding on by the weather-rail and looking into the wind's eye, suddenly she lay down toward the wind, shoved her wheel-house under a heavy blue sea, lifted up again, and swashed it over her quarter, in a flood that drowned out Mustapha and his harem.

Out came a shriek, and out rushed half a dozen ladies, shrieking as they rushed, and after them, pell-mell, two tall black fellows, bounding over the form of Mustapha as it went down to leeward, and attempting to surround the ladies, who flew like frightened birds toward me. The binnacle-light shone on their bare faces, and I saw that two of them were rather pretty. The third was vailed.

The eunuchs, whose duty is strictly to preserve the sanctity of the harem, usually cut down any one who has violated it, whether accidentally or intentionally. This custom is always justified in the East.

I knew enough, therefore, to foresee my danger, as one of the scoundrels led back the ladies while the other rushed at me.

Thanks be to the old sea, that has served me faithfully often, but never so well as just then! So long as the ship lay down to leeward he rushed on, but in a twinkling up went the lee-rail, and the tall scoundrel staggered as the angle changed, swerved a little as it increased, and when the ship lay down again almost on her beam ends, he threw his arms into the air with that awkward motion that you will not need I should describe. I had him then. Three steps and a kick on the shins settled his business. The shins of the Nubian eunuch are as tender as those of his Virginia cousins. He went down like a falling poplar, and curiously enough, he went down the after hatchway, which John Steenburger was opening at the instant. Nor was that all. The three ladies and the other blackey were stationary in the middle of the deck during the instant occupied by my attack on their unlucky guardian; but now, as the ship again lurched, they came in a heap into the same open pit, and to my horror, John, and the two blacks, and the three ladies vanished, howling and shrieking in English, Turkish, Arabic, and Armenian, down the steep gangway.

Mustapha himself roused his decaying energies at this mishap and the direful tumult it caused. I dashed down the companion-way in time to save the life of one of the Nubians whom John throttled as they fell; Sir John came from one direction and Miss Kate from another, a French passenger from his cabin, three Englishmen and an Austrian from their rooms, and, in point of fact, we had all the ship's officers and passengers there in ten seconds, while Mustapha looked down the gangway in astonishment beyond measure.

I have taken too much space in describing this ridiculous adventure, but such as it is it will serve to illustrate the people one meets with on a Syrian coasting voyage.

In the morning we anchored at *Latakia*, famed for its tobacco, with which it supplies Egypt and the East generally. The Turks of Constantinople do not like it so well, and use but little of it. But its fame is great in all the countries south of Smyrna.

Latakia was once Laodicea, but not the Laodicea of Scripture. Its history is chiefly of interest in connection with the Crusades; but I shall not pause here to remind you of that. I went ashore, hired a donkey, mounted without saddle or bridle, and trotted deliberately about the old town. There were two fine specimens of Roman ruins here among the houses of the village, looking sadly out of place and infinitely more melancholy for the approximation of filth and poverty than any ruins of Roman grandeur I have hitherto seen.

The incidents of the day were three falls from the donkey, one fall donkey and myself both together, three fine old coins of Diocletian bought for a piastre, a large stock of tobacco laid in for the future, and a return to the ship at sunset.

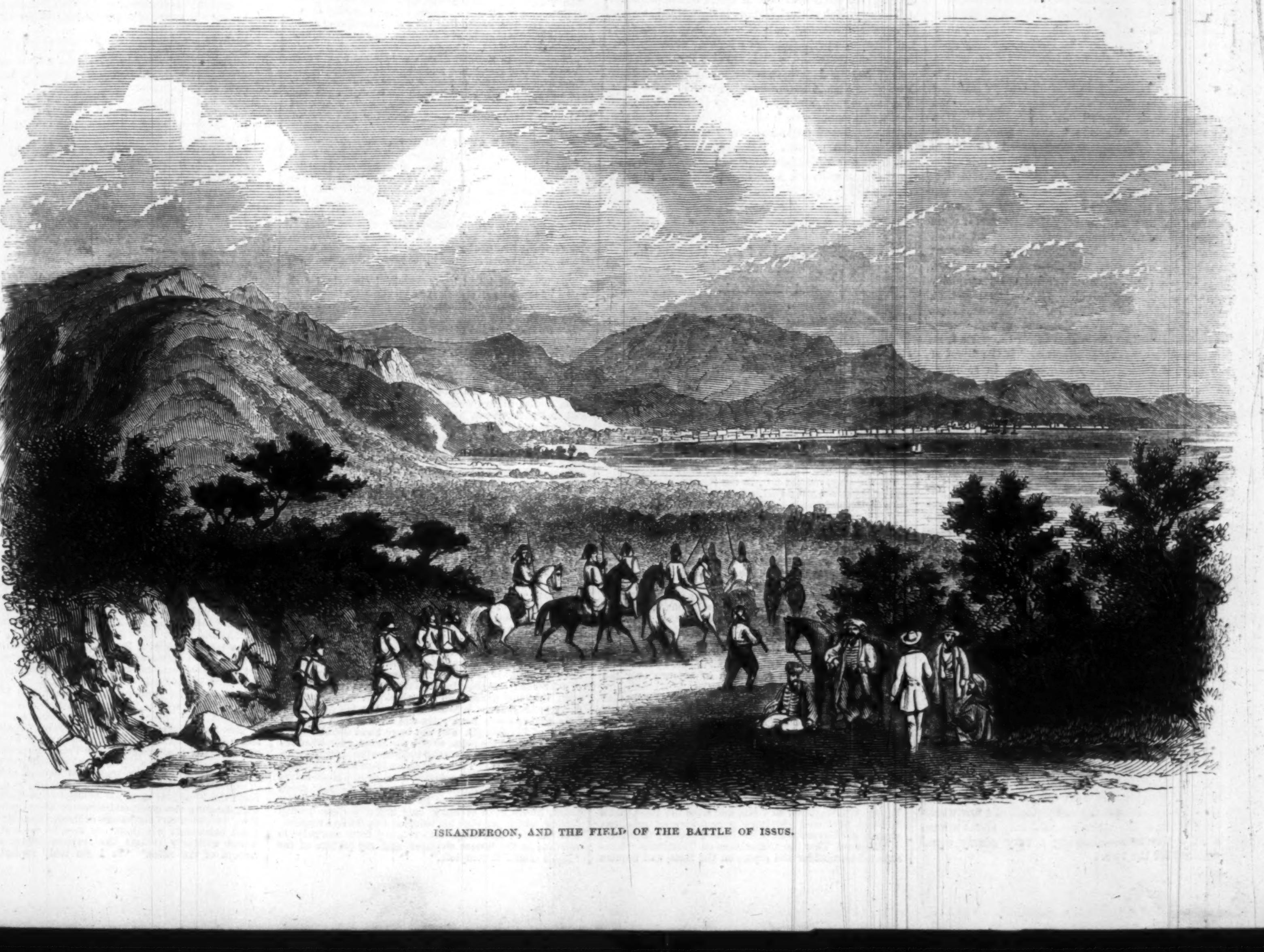
I could prolong my account of this voyage to a dozen letters. There are points of classic and sacred interest on all the borders of this sea, and there were incidents of interest every hour. But enough for these sketching letters now if I but give you the idea of travel here, leaving you some day to appreciate its delicious interest yourself.

The sea went down with the wind at sunset. Next morning, after a quiet and very decent night, we woke to find the ship at anchor in the harbor or roadstead of Iskanderoon, which is Arabic for Alexandretta.

Look at your map, and you will see that it is in the extreme northeast corner of the Mediterranean. Look at your histories, and you will find that around this same corner of the sea the nations of ancient days marched in all their great expeditions, and you will find that on the plain of this same Alexandretta was fought the battle of the Issus, than which no greater was ever fought from the days of Amalek, discomfited in Sin, unto the fields of the Crimea.

The gate of Syria is near here, a terrible mountain pass through which nations have marched northward and southward.

We got the horses ashore with some difficulty, and leaving the servants to attend to the baggage we rode out three hours to the northward to visit the battle-field. Iskanderoon is a small village under the side of a lofty mountain. A little distance to the northward the hills retire from the sea a mile or more, and on this narrow strip of land Alexander defeated Darius. A plowman was visible when we first reached the plain, breaking up with the rude Eastern plow the soil which once was Macedonian soldiers. Little cared the peasant for the rich earth he overturned, so it yielded him his scanty living. Yet was that earth once



ISKANDEROON, AND THE FIELD OF THE BATTLE OF ISSUS.

living men that started at the voice of the son of Philip.

It is not my province to relate stories of ancient history. I am but recording the visits of modern travelers to scenes of old fame, and I confess to you that when I stood on the battle-ground of Issus, as the old sun went down in the sea with his red eye gleaming as it gleamed on the scattered hosts of the Persian, when I stood there and looked at my companion and myself, sole living beings on all the plain, once thronged with the hundred thousands of Greece and Persia, Asia and Syria, and the night came on again as with ceaseless return the night has come over that battle-field, I felt a profound sense of the smallness of these later years, of the puny men and puny intellects that we so pride ourselves on, as compared with Alexander and Darius, and Parmenio and Hephæstion.

LITERARY.

In reviewing the literature of the past year one is struck with the very small number of successful books which have appeared on either side of the water. Dr. Livingstone's Travels, of course, are hardly to be considered as books of the year 1857, published as they are at the close of it. Few works of the past year have sold over two thousand copies, and probably not more than half a dozen have gone over five thousand, unless we except that class of works which, by dint of advertisements and show-bills, are made to sell rapidly, and to be as rapidly forgotten.

In Theology, the volumes of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, published by Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co., have been by far the most salable books of the year; while Dr. Breckinridge's "Knowledge of God, Objectively Considered," published by the Carters, has been the most valuable and solid contribution to this class of literature. "The Man of Business," a collection of practical sermons by distinguished clergymen, intended for the benefit of commercial men, published by Randolph, has also been a successful book, though of that class which wins its way very silently. It forms a specimen of a new kind of book which has become somewhat popular of late, the peculiarity of which consists in the number of contributors to its pages. It is hardly proper to class "The Greyson Letters" published by Gould & Lincoln, with theological works, yet they belong to no other distinct class, and may be mentioned here as among the remarkable publications of the year.

In Fiction we have had certainly enough from which to choose. During the year we have had occasion to notice specially some twenty or thirty novels, and our list embraces as many more not worth naming.

Republication of old standard favorites has been extensively carried on. Every one will be glad to learn that Ticknor & Fields's admirable edition of the Waverley Novels (of which we have just received "The Monastery"), than which there is none more chaste and beautiful, is said to be a successful adventure. The demand for them speaks well for the taste of the reading public, and their issue claims the patronage of all lovers of fine books. Derby & Jackson have issued new editions of such authors as Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Austen, and Miss Porter; so that "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and "The Scottish Chiefs" stare us in the face in modern dress and style, much to our annoyance at first glance, but much to our comfort by gas-light of a winter evening.

The noticeable novels of the year are Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," published by Ticknor & Fields; Miss Brontë's "Professor," published by Harper & Brothers; Charles Reade's "White Lies" (Ticknor & Fields); and "Guy Livingstone," also by Harper & Brothers. "Two Years Ago" sold well, but damaged Mr. Kingsley's reputation vastly in America, as indeed also in England. The suspicion that the young clergyman was growing egotistical on the strength of his former success was confirmed by the dictatorial style of his address on American subjects, about which it was but too evident he was lamentably ignorant in the main, and sadly misinformed in particulars. Miss Brontë's "Professor" was a literary curiosity rather than a new novel. It was the base on which she had built "Villette," and it was, in one sense, like seeing the skeleton of a well-known body, and learning the action of all the parts from the exposure. "Guy Livingstone" is the novel of the present season—a strange book in some respects, a strong book in all. It is a bold, dashing story, whose characters, male and female, live for life, and play its game, every one, as if he or she held all the cards, or as if it mattered nothing in the end whether the game were lost or won. Few books have been so signally popular. "White Lies" threatens to rival it in the public estimation, lacking, however, the spice of mystery which has surrounded the authorship of the former. The author of "Guy Livingstone" is now understood to be a Mr. Laurence, hitherto unknown in the literary world. We should name in passing Mr. James's annual contribution, "Leonora D'Orco," one of his best, and Miss Cumings's "Mabel Vaughan," not equal to "The Lamplighter," but a worthy book nevertheless.

Books of travel have been, perhaps, more plenty than usual. Mr. Train's "American Merchant in Europe, Asia, and Australia" (Putnam), was a decided hit; but we are not informed as to its success. Mr. Prime's "Boat Life in Egypt" and "Tent Life in the Holy Land" are said to have been the most successful books published in the summer, and have still a constant and steady sale. They were received by the press with a unanimity of praise that is remarkable. The plan of their issue was novel, and is worthy of notice. Instead of making two volumes of travels Mr. Prime published two distinct works, each complete in itself. The result has been that the one published a few weeks in advance of the other has sold only about a hundred copies more—showing a very nearly equal demand for the two.

In no year have travelers contributed more to general information. The Carters published Loftus's "Chaldea and Susiana," a work which, in our estimation, surpasses even Layard in interest; and the same house issued Dr. Bonar's Sinai, etc., which, with Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" (Redfield) and Mr. Prime's "Tent Life," have served to reawaken the controversies about the Holy Places and the Sinaitic inscriptions; so that the Orientalists have their hands full to settle the new points and arguments submitted, pro and con, by these gentlemen.

Central and Southern America has been pretty thoroughly explored by books in 1857. Mr. Holton's "New Granada" (Harpers), Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher's "Brazil" (Sheldon & Blakeman), Wells's "Honduras" (Harpers), and sundry minor works contributing thereto.

But the great works of the year, Dr. Barth's "Northern Africa" and Dr. Livingstone's "Southern Africa," will make the year memorable among scientific and geographical scholars. Both are of intense interest to the ordinary reader, and both are of incalculable value to the student of geography or ethnography.

In biographies the year has not been prolific. Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Miss Brontë" (Appletons) was the leading biographical work of the year, but was a sad mistake in the author, though it sold remarkably well. Mrs. Gaskell quarreled with pretty much every one concerned, and after trying to revise and reform the book by erasures and new editions, gave it up in despair, and submitted to be universally condemned. Mrs. Gaskell writes admirable novels, and is therefore a poor historian of facts. The only other biography which we have to notice is that of "Mr. Gallaudet" (Carters), which is recently issued, and which commands high respect on account of the distinguished name of the subject, as well as the execution of the work by its venerable author.

Poets have sung their songs in the past year, though the world was convulsed with wars and commercial tempests. Barry Cornwall (Ticknor & Fields being publishers in America) has given us his sad farewell to the Muse. Leigh Hunt, old and kindly (the same publishers), has gathered his poems—has drawn the covers over himself, let us say, before he sleeps. Stoddard gave us his "Summer Songs;" Miss Barrett published "Aurora Leigh," and Whittier recaptured some of his fugitives and bound them in Boston; "Nothing to Wear" was born in *Harper's Weekly* on the 7th of February last. On the whole, poetry has flourished, and the poets have had honor, and, let us hope, profit.

Thus much of a rapid review of the year's work on paper and presses. The "grand crash" suspended the presses until the approach of the holidays, and the New Year opens with a good prospect for publishers and authors. A confident feeling prevails in the trade, and the great demand for such works as Livingstone is opening the pockets, eyes, and hearts of purchasers. It is an excellent start for the book trade throughout the country, the sixteenth thousand being put on the press within a week of the first issue. Dr. Livingstone has left England for Lisbon, to consult with the Portuguese government in relation to his proposed return to Africa through their possessions on the coast. We shall hear of him again in the future.

The approach of the holidays is signalized as usual by the announcements of many elegant works; but there was perhaps never a holiday season when American presses did so little as this year. With one exception, the American enlarged edition of "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century," edited by Mr. Duyckinck, and published by Harper & Brothers, we have not seen a single holiday book of the ornamental and expensive class which is printed on American presses. All the others that have come to our notice are imported sheets, executed in England with the American publishers' imprint on the title pages.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, the 21st ult., Senator Wright introduced a bill to continue the improvement of Newark harbor, and Senator Wilson his bill appropriating 1,000,000 acres of land for educational purposes in the District of Columbia. Debate ensued between Senators Bigler and Douglas on the Kansas question. The House resolution proposing to pay the arrearages of pay of members at the commencement instead of the end of the session was passed.——In the House, the day was occupied by a debate on the Treasury Note Bill, in which Messrs. Abbott, Letcher, Banks, Lovejoy, Campbell, Quitman, and Boyce took part. An unsuccessful effort was made by Mr. Warren to have an inquiry into the propriety of excluding the delegate from Utah from the floor of the House.

On Tuesday, the 22d ult., in the Senate, Senator Wilson introduced a bill securing to actual settlers the alternate sections of public lands reserved in the grants to the States for railroad purposes. Senator Johnson introduced a Homestead Bill. Resolutions were adopted, on motion of Senator Slidell, requesting the President to communicate the proceedings of the several Naval Courts of Inquiry; and, on motion of Senator Seward, to inquire whether new provisions are requisite to secure the faithful performance of the contracts for printing the debates. The Kansas debate was then resumed by Senators Fitch, Douglas, Stuart, and Clay.——In the House, the discussion on the Treasury Note Bill was resumed; Messrs. Grow, Smith of Virginia, Ritchie, Banks, Morris, Glancy Jones, and others, took part. A proposal by Mr. Banks to raise $20,000,000 by an issue of stock was rejected; and the Senate bill was passed without amendment, by a vote of 118 to 86. The Senate resolution to adjourn over the holidays was passed.

On Wednesday, 23d, Senator Simmons gave notice that he would introduce into the Senate a Home Valuation Bill. The debate on the Kansas question was then continued by Senators Stuart, Broderick, Doolittle, and Brown, of Mississippi.——In the House, after a protracted debate, in which Messrs. Warren, Bocock, Humphrey, Marshall, Davis, Banks, Boyce, Keitt and others took part, the following preamble and resolution, offered by Mr. Warren, were agreed to.

"Whereas, it appears from the proclamation of Brigham Young, late Governor of Utah, and from the President's Message, that said Territory is now in open rebellion against the Government of the United States; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the Committee on Territories be instructed to consider and report on the facts, and inquire into the propriety of excluding from a seat on the floor of the House the delegate from that Territory."

Mr. Faulkner, from the Special Committee, reported the distribution of the new Hall. The deaths of Messrs. Brenton and Lockhart, of Indiana, were reported, and eulogies pronounced on their characters.

Both Houses then adjourned to 4th January.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

According to the latest news from Kansas, it appears that the Legislature adjourned on 16th ult., after having passed laws to submit the Lecompton Constitution to a popular vote on 4th January, in three forms, the ballots being marked, 1*st*, Constitution with slavery; 2*d*, Constitution without slavery; 3*d*, no Lecompton Constitution. Laws were also passed organizing a militia (General Lane was elected Major-General), and providing against frauds at the elections. Acting Governor Stanton had vetoed the Militia Bill; but it was passed over his head by a two-thirds vote. He was still acting as Governor; General Denver was at Lawrence. On the evening of the 16th a fight is said to have occurred at Fort Scott, between pro-slavery and anti-slavery men; and several men are said to have been killed, wounded, and made prisoners on both sides. Further information on these points is anxiously expected.

WHY GOVERNOR STANTON WAS REMOVED.

The official instructions to General Denver have been published. They contain the following passage on the removal of Governor Stanton:

"The Convention which met at Lecompton on the first of September had framed a Constitution, and had authorized its President to submit the question to the people of Kansas on the 21st of December, whether this Constitution should be adopted with or without slavery. The importance of the issue could not well be overestimated. It involved the complete and authoritative settlement of the only subject of difference which had seriously agitated Kansas or interfered with its prosperity. The qualified electors, therefore, to whom this settlement was referred, not only had an unquestionable right to attend at the polls and give their votes on the day appointed, but they were required to do so by the highest considerations of public duty. In the exercise of this right, moreover, they were entitled to adequate protection by the Territorial Government, and the Acting Governor was bound to employ all legal means at his command to give security and fairness to the election. With the conflicting opinions which prevailed in the Territory on the question submitted he had no right to interfere. They had their appropriate issue at the ballot-box, and to that peaceful arbitrement they might safely be referred. The great objects to be accomplished, in the opinion of the President, were to preserve the peace of the Territory, and secure freedom in the election. Entertaining these views, he was surprised to learn that the Secretary and Acting Governor had, on the first of December, issued his proclamation for a special session of the Territorial Legislature on the 7th instant, only a few weeks in advance of its regular time of meeting, and only fourteen days before a decision was to be made on the question submitted by the Convention. The course of Mr. Stanton, the President seriously believes, has thrown a new element of discord among the excited people of Kansas, and it is directly at war, therefore, with the peaceful policy of the Administration. For this reason he has felt it his duty to remove him."

THE GREYTOWN INDEMNITY.

The President, in reply to a resolution of the Senate, transmitted to that body last week the correspondence which took place nearly a year ago in reference to the bombardment of Greytown. Count Sartiges asked indemnity for actual losses sustained by the French subjects, who, he says, found it physically impossible to remove their goods from the conflagration caused by the movements of the commander of the sloop-of-war *Cyane*. Governor Marcy, in reply, informs him that the President has not been able to find upon what principles of right or even of equity the reclamation can be sustained, and in a long dispatch expounds to him the international law. Count Sartiges acknowledges its receipt, and says he will not fail to send Governor Marcy's communication to the French Government. No response to the latter is embraced in the documents. Although the resolution calling for the information included any correspondence with Great Britain, none was transmitted to the Senate. It is believed that Governor Marcy's reply to Count Sartiges was considered conclusive by the British Government.

THE TREASURY NOTES.

The Treasury Notes recently authorized by Congress will be issued in about two weeks. The Secretary of the Treasury has determined that the denomination of these promises to pay shall be one hundred, five hundred, and one thousand dollars. The contract for engraving plates has been given to Rawdon, Hatch, and Co., of New York, and to Topping, Carpenter, and Co., of Philadelphia, the former firm having the execution of the notes of one hundred and five hundred dollars, and the latter the notes of one thousand dollars. The Secretary is very anxious that these notes shall be executed in the best style of American art.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

The General-in-Chief of the Army has received intelligence from the Utah expedition confirmatory of the accounts previously published. The detachments under Colonel Johnston and Colonel Smith, together with the supply trains, had united with the main body under Colonel Alexander, and the entire force on the 7th ultimo had advanced to within sixteen miles of Fort Bridger, *en route* for Salt Lake City. The troops were in high spirits, being plentifully supplied with provisions, while the snow had fallen sufficiently to protect the grass from fire.

The War Department has ascertained the actual cash value of the property destroyed by the Mormons to be nearly fifty thousand dollars, covering other items than army supplies.

Letters found on the person of a Mormon prisoner, and purporting to be orders for Lieutenant-General Wells, the Mormon commander, direct all Mormons to harass the advance of the United States army. No doubt of the open rebellion of the Mormons is thus left.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL WILLIAM WALKER.

On the 8th ultimo, while General William Walker was still on Punta Arenas, Nicaragua, Commodore Paulding, of the *Wabash*, sent a force ashore and took him and all his men prisoners. Walker surrendered without striking a blow; the force sent to apprehend him being so large as to leave no room for successful resistance. The officers and men of his force are coming home in the United States ship *Saratoga*. Walker returned in the *Northern Light*, a United States prisoner on a charge of breach of the Neutrality Laws.

PERSONAL.

The Washington correspondent of the *Independent* gives the following vivid description of Senator Douglas:

"Senator Douglas is very short in stature, but of such physical proportions, aside from this lack, as instantly to attract the attention of a stranger. A very large head, connected with broad and powerfully-built shoulders by a short, full neck; a chest sufficiently roomy to contain the lungs of a giant, and a pair of short, dumpy legs, complete the physical picture of the 'Little Giant,' if we except the broad, lofty Websterian brow, and the deep-set, cavernous eyes, that sparkle and glow, when excited, like miners' lamps beneath it. It is the tremendous brain-power lodged in that perpendicular precipice of a forehead, and shooting out its fires from its shadowed eyes, that has given him the sobriquet which he will carry to his grave. When excited and in full flow of debate that massive head rolls and shakes with the emphasis of his thought, and the huge hand doubles until the nails indent the palm, or else the broad, open hand receives the blow of its mate and italicizes the sentence with a stunning report. The sweat pours from him profusely, and falls from his head or is thrown clear of his shoulders by these inimical shakes of the head, as the rain-drops are shaken from the trees by a storm. Add to this a thick, bushy head of black hair and a restless, uneasy feeling, which prevents his being at rest for five consecutive minutes, and keeps him moving from one point to another in the Senate chamber, and my picture of the 'Little Giant' is complete."

In executive session, last week, the Senate confirmed the nomination of Mr. Lamar and the other foreign ministers appointed by Mr. Buchanan. The nomination of Mr. Sedgwick, as District Attorney of New York in place of John McKeon, was not definitely acted on.

Henry M. Rice, formerly delegate to Congress, and General Shields have been nominated for the United States Senate by the Democratic members of the Minnesota Legislature. Their competitors were ex-Governor Gorman, Governor Medary, ex-Judge Chatfield, Hon. Frank Steele, and Hon. J. R. Brown.

A gossiping Washington correspondent gives us the following information about the social life of the President: "The President's invitations are sent out on an engraved card, five inches by seven in size; which card states that the President will be happy to have the honor of Mr. So-and-So's company at dinner, upon such a day, at four o'clock P. M. An early answer is requested.

"President Pierce always wrote his own invitations, in order, I apprehend, that the invited might retain an autographic evidence of his regard. President Buchanan's dinners are pronounced superb in matter and style. It is Mr. B.'s habit to write those with whom he wishes a quiet, confidential conversation upon matters of private business or friendly interest to breakfast with him. Such an invitation is considered an especial mark of favor. The President is often met early in the morning, or about dusk, taking his solitary walk along the broad pavement in front of the White House. He looks hale, vigorous, and solid. It is his constant habit to rise at six o'clock in the winter, and do two hours' labor before breakfast. After New Year's the levees will commence.

"An elegant conservatory has been added to the Executive mansion since Miss Lane—the President's niece—became its mistress. It is said she does the honors of the house to lady visitors with great dignity and grace. During the past summer the White House was renovated and repaired, and it is now a very comfortable place of residence."

The Sultan of Turkey has conferred on Francis Dainese, Esq., who now resides in Washington, the order of Nishan Medjidie, an order of knighthood similar to that of the "Bath" in England. It was bestowed as a recognition of Mr. Dainese's services to the Turkish Government, and a testimonial of its high appreciation of his character. The decoration and its accompanying diploma, bearing the imperial cipher, inclosed in a case of white satin richly embroidered, were last week presented, with appropriate compliments, to Mr. Dainese by the Russian minister, Baron Stoeckel, through whom the Sultan was pleased to transmit them.

The President has received a letter from Mr. Mason, resigning his position as American minister at Paris. The resignation is said to be, in a measure, compulsory, having been tendered in response to a very distinct intimation that it would be acceptable.

Speaker Orr has announced his determination to inforce strictly the rule prohibiting the custom of bringing liquors into that part of the Capitol under his especial charge.

Senator Sumner finds, it is said, that attendance at debates affects him injuriously, and will go North for a few weeks, at least.

The Columbus, Ohio, correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "Governor Chase has been laid up for the past week with rheumatism, but is expected to have a firm footing in a few days. He is eminently a man of routine; perhaps no Governor ever devoted himself so constantly and systematically to the business of his office. Rumors connect the recent purchase of a tasty and commodious residence by him with intentions to place in it as his wife an accomplished young widow of Cincinnati, daughter of a wealthy and influential citizen of Columbus. The Governor's sister, from Toledo, will preside over his new home for the present."

Hon. N. P. Banks, Governor elect, has resigned his office of Representative in Congress, and his resignation has been transmitted to the Governor. Probably Governor Gardner will immediately issue his proclamation ordering an election, and it will occur about the 8th of January.

Hon. Edward Everett has repeated his lecture on Washington sixty-five times for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund, and the sum realized is over $36,000.

Washington Irving, now seventy-five years old, walks to Dr. Creighton's Church, in Tarrytown (of which, we believe, he is a vestryman), and back, five miles, nearly every Sunday.

Ex-President Pierce having been named for United States Senator for New Hampshire, the Concord *Patriot* announces that he would not accept the office, even if he could receive the vote of every member of the Legislature.

Captain Henry Meyer, of the Hamburg ship *Gutenberg*, has received from the President a splendid gold chronometer and chain, valued at over $300, for his successful exertions in saving the officers and crew of the ship *Howadji*, of Newburyport.

George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville *Journal*, has suffered for two years past from paralysis of the hands. His editorials are written by the aid of amanuenses.

The Lynchburg (Virginia) *Courier*, in noticing the arrival of General Sam Houston, says he is six feet four inches high, large in proportion, and as straight as an Indian. He has but little hair "on the top of his head," and what he has has been silvered by the touch of time—as has also the large mustache which dignifies his upper lip. He wears a vest made of some kind of animal's skin (wild cat apparently)—has his pantaloons stuffed in the legs of his boots, and altogether presents quite a backwoods and dilapidated appearance—at least so far as his dress is concerned.

Mr. Brady, the well-known New York photographer, has been to Washington in search of a suitable place in which to open a gallery there of photographic art. It is understood he has made satisfactory arrangements, and will return immediately to carry out his proposed enterprise.

The Administration legislative caucus in Kentucky nominated ex-Governor L. W. Powell for United States Senator. He is the only Democrat who has been Governor of the State for the last twenty years. The fifth of January has been fixed for the election.

Mr. Thomas Allibone, late President of the Bank of Pennsylvania, has written a letter from Nice, in defense of himself against the charges of being a defaulter and absconding debtor to the bank. The letter is addressed to his brother, residing in Philadelphia, and is by him communicated to the press for publication. Mr. Allibone expresses extreme mortification and surprise at the charges made against him in the affidavit of the directors of the bank; declares that he had no idea that he was at all indebted to the bank; that he was never engaged in speculation; that, on leaving the country, he gave a power of attorney to two friends, one of whom, Mr. Fell, was President *pro tem.* of the bank, authorizing them to sell real estate to meet demands against him; and adds, that absconding debtors do not usually take their families with them as he did. Mr. Allibone's announcement that the suspicions excited against him have preyed upon his health, is confirmed by the statement of his attending physician in Nice, and the tone of the letter tends to induce the belief that Mr. Allibone is in reality suffering in mind and body.

Charles T. Anderson, Esq., who designed the enlargement of the Capitol extension, has been employed by Postmaster-General Brown to prepare a design for the New York Post-office.

A Washington correspondent says: "The Hon. Mr. Banks, who is soon to be inaugurated Governor of Massachusetts, and whose service in the United States House of Representatives closed with the adjournment, called last week upon President Buchanan to pay his respects upon leaving Washington. The President received him very cordially; and a gentleman, who happened to be present at the interview, was quite amused at the tone of conversation which occurred. Mr. Banks congratulated the President upon his evident good health, 'notwithstanding the cares and turmoils of his official station,' to which Mr. Buchanan replied, 'Yes, Mr. Banks, I am burdened; but there are men in the nation who would willingly assume the responsibilities with the honors of the office.' 'So I am told,' replied Banks, 'I may add,' continued the President, naively, 'that there are young men who would not object to the position.' 'So I am told, Sir,' said Banks. 'Young men are ambitious sometimes,' continued Buchanan. 'No doubt, Mr. President,' rejoined Banks, quietly; 'you know, Sir, that is the natural fault of youth; but there are some young men who can afford to wait.' 'Yes, yes,' remarked the President, pleasantly, as he turned to other topics. At parting, Mr. Buchanan took the hand of Mr. Banks, and said, 'I am happy to have seen you, Sir; I wish you well, and I most earnestly wish you success and prosperity in every thing but your politics.'"

SCURRILOUS NEWSPAPERS.

The following Message from the Mayor of New York was laid last week before the Common Council of the city:

Mayor's Office, New York, *December* 21, 1857.

To the Honorable the Board of Aldermen—

Gentlemen,—I return without approval the resolution to pay the New York *Tribuhe* one hundred and seven dollars and seventy-six cents for advertising committee meetings.

As it does not appear upon the papers presented to me by whose direction the advertising was ordered, or whether it was ordered at all, it is to be presumed that the *Tribune*, in its characteristic anxiety to pick up patronage, published the committee meetings without any authority whatever, trusting to the influence of one of its editors in the Board of Councilmen to get paid. There are certain newspapers designated by law as the papers in which the official proceedings of the Corporation shall be published.

To the credit of the Corporation be it said, the New York *Tribune* is not one of these. It is assumed that the notoriously libelous and scurrilous character of that obscene sheet properly excludes it from any official recognition by the city authorities.

In my opinion it should be put under the same ban as a newspaper that similar conduct would place an individual—viz., entire exclusion from the families and firesides of all who value the reputation and morals of the community.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

Parliament has passed the Bank of England Indemnity Bill, and it was to be signed by the Queen by the 12th ultimo. The joint-stock bank system of Great Britain, the Suez Canal project, the American slave-trade in Africa, and the French negro emigration system have been also considered. With respect to the latter, Lord Clarendon gives it as his belief that the French plan has unquestionably a tendency to revive the slave traffic, and cause great injury to the growing trade of England on the African coast.

THE LAUNCH OF THE LEVIATHAN.

The launch of the Leviathan is still in progress. On Saturday the men began work by eight A.M., but it was past four P.M. before another slip took place, and at dusk the signal boards only showed a progress of eighty-eight inches forward and seventy-two aft, her mean being six feet eight inches. During Sunday no attempts were made, but the "rams" were advanced nearer to the ship. On Monday the usual appliances were set to work at an early hour, but the vessel was more than usually obstinate, and at four o'clock the progress marked upon the gauges was about ten feet by the bows, and something less than one foot at the stern. It had been hoped that she would have cleared the boundary of the yard, and thus saved the Company £1000, which they were liable for on account of another month's rental for the premises. On Tuesday the men were set to work early in the morning, but for some time labored in vain. A general pause was made, and then, when she was relieved from all pressure fore and aft, the capricious monster suddenly slipped of herself for a distance of nearly two feet. She was immediately followed up, and two or three more short slips got out of her, and all seemed to promise well for a good day's progress, when the fog intervened. The total distance accomplished on Tuesday was only four feet nine inches forward, and four feet four inches aft. The men have since been engaged in making preparations for the renewal of operations, with greater power at their command. On Saturday morning the Princess Royal, attended by the Duchess of Athol, and one or two gentlemen of the Court, visited the ship. Her Royal Highness was conducted over the yard by Mr. Yates and Mr. Brunel, and examined with great interest all the mighty machinery. Her Royal Highness was most anxious to go on board, and made quite light of the perilous ladder ascent; but Mr. Yates respectfully declined to take the responsibility of such a proceeding—much, it is said, to the relief of the Court ladies and gentlemen in attendance on the royal visitor.

SHOCKING INHUMANITY.

A very interesting young lady, about twenty, arrived at Folkstone by the 4 P.M. express train from London, in a state of helplessness and speechless, having been placed in the carriage in that state at London Bridge, as was ascertained from the guard, by some person who gave him a sovereign to procure any refreshment she might require on the journey. She remained in the waiting-room at the station, and partook of some tea. A few minutes before the departure of the boat she was taken on board by one of the harbor policemen, under the direction, as we understand, of the harbor-master, and placed in the ladies' cabin, receiving every attention from the captain and those on board, but neither spoke nor moved during the passage. On the arrival of the boat at Boulogne, she was taken on shore and carried to the Hôtel de Paris. Dr. Scott, with another gentleman, were immediately summoned, who considered her dying, and truly, for she gradually sank and expired, every thing having been done that could be. Disgusting to relate, on undressing her a large label was found fastened to her dress, as if she were a bale of goods, and in her purse, which contained £7 (and which was also fastened inside her dress), was a piece of paper, affording the only clew as to who or what she was, and her destination. From this it seemed that she had been a governess at a Mrs. C——'s, somewhere in London, that her salary was paid up to the 6th of December, and that she was going to her brother-in-law in Amiens. On the discovery, a telegraphic dispatch was immediately sent to her friends, who arrived too late for her to recognize them.

SORROWS OF A CAUTIOUS CAPITALIST.

A circumstance has just transpired, through intimation received by the police, of a loss of 500 sovereigns sustained by a farmer, who resides near Limerick, during the panic which prevailed last week when the run on the banks was made. The man drew the 500 sovereigns, and when on his way home on his own car, being the worse of liquor, he considered it the safest plan to hide his treasure, for fear of getting entirely drunk, and being robbed. He went into a neighbor's house, borrowed a small iron skillet, and proceeded onward; when in a lonesome place he put the 500 sovereigns into the skillet, took it to a field and buried it. Next day he went in search of it to the spot where he thought he had deposited it, but from that period up to the present he had not been able to discover the money.

FRANCE.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

At the opening of the Legislative Corps, M. Fould, Minister of State, read the following communication from the Emperor: "Gentlemen Deputies,—The Emperor has ordered me to inform you that the verification of Powers and the constitution of the Legislative Body will be the object of this first meeting. The Legislative Corps will then be prorogued to the 18th of January next for the dispatch of public business. In the name of the Emperor I declare the session of the Legislative Corps for 1858 opened." Count de Morny, President of the Legislative Body, then addressed the Assembly as follows: "Gentlemen,—I am happy at finding myself once more among you, and proud at being again called to this chair, especially if the choice his Majesty has made of me meets with your approbation. What greater happiness can there be than that of presiding over an assembly which discusses freely and conscientiously the laws of the country, and especially when that country is France? [Applause.] In like manner as the finest buildings are best viewed at a certain distance, so it is in like manner, at a distance from France, one is best enabled to judge how great is her position abroad, and what admiration and respect the Sovereign who governs inspires to all men. [Loud applause.] The loyal, and at the same time firm and moderate policy which has been followed has replaced abroad the old prejudices which were entertained toward us by confidence and by sympathy, so that if absence has its sorrows, consolation may yet be found while afar off in that sentiment of national pride which every true Frenchman carries in his heart. [Applause.] At home, having so happily traversed severe trials, when peace was established, the series of bad harvests over were about to give us repose and prosperity, the reaction of an unexampled financial crisis has fallen upon our labor and industry. The establishments of credit and French commerce now prove their solidity, and gather the fruit of their prudence. France, after three successive loans, after three years of scanty harvests, having followed up the execution of public works, having endowed Paris with wonderful monuments, is not touched by the disasters which afflict so many other states. All this indicates prodigious resources, and must give to the whole world a high idea of her power. Let us hope that this crisis will be of short duration."

LIBERTIES OF THE PRESS.

The journal *La Presse* has been suspended for two months, for an article which was considered to be of a decidedly revolutionary character.

The *Courrier de Paris*, under the somewhat startling heading in these times of "*La Presse Constitutionelle*," has announced, in courageous and dignified language, its intention to adopt henceforth a new line of politics, based upon the change made in the situation by the fact of the three opposition members, MM. Darimon, Ollivier, and Hénon, having taken the oath. This article, coming immediately after the suspension of the *Presse*, is curious as a sign of the times.

There is not a politician in Paris, says a correspondent, who now doubts the fact, which I at first announced as a suspicion, that M. Emile de Girardin is the author of this article. I happen to know by accident that a snug little dinner, given at a restaurant a few days since, brought together these three personages, Prince Napoleon, M. Prost, the proprietor of the *Courrier de Paris*, and M. E. de Girardin. At this dinner the plan of the campaign, of which M. E. de Girardin is the commander-in-chief, was talked over and settled. He is carrying out the idea with extraordinary ability, steering occasionally very close to the wind, but still, upon the whole, writing in such a way as really to support the government, unless the government entertain any such wild and hopeless design as to keep France in a state of perpetual subjection to its own arbitrary will.

By an arrangement with the *Siècle* those subscribers to the *Presse* who desire it may receive a copy of the *Siècle* during the suspension of the *Presse*; but, notwithstanding this offer, so great is the demand for an evening paper that the circulation of the *Patrie* has increased by 10,000 copies within the last three days. If M. Emile de Girardin were to-morrow to put his signature to the articles in the *Courrier de Paris*, there is no doubt that the *Presse*, for which M. Millaud paid him 800,000 francs not long ago, would be worth comparatively very little when it comes out again at the end of January.

SPAIN.

THE NEW PRINCE.

The new-born prince, who (says a correspondent from Madrid) is destined to play so prominent a part in the world, prospers exceedingly. His appetite and digestion are all that can be desired by the fondest of mothers and the enraptured father, for it was he who presented the child to the assembled courtiers, holding it out on a golden dish, as if it were a truffled woodcock. Nor was this the most grotesque part of the odd ceremonials which followed and preceded this great court performance; there were many others, which a respect for decency and a dread of disturbing your equanimity, forbid repetition, but they are all hung out to air in the columns of the *Gazette*, which devoted eight columns to the record of this wondrous event. At half-past eight the Urban soldiers, who were appointed to warn the Court of the coming event, left the palace and summoned the guests. The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier were the first arrivals; then limped in Armero and his colleagues; and as soon as the Prince came into the world the King Consort handed him round the room on a golden platter—in truth, a dainty dish to set before a king. Mr. Otway, on behalf of Great Britain; the Marquis Turgot, on behalf of France; and the other embassadors, signed the certificate that the Prince had been born, and then they retired, leaving the Queen alone with her sister, the Duchess of Montpensier, to the chagrin of the Bourbon Duke, her husband, who does not like that his wife should be exposed to the contact of evil influences. Although the child sucks and squeals, and performs all other infantile functions like a "robust Prince," as he has been officially designated, the interesting stranger has failed to interest his future subjects. The attempt at public rejoicings has been a lamentable failure, having been confined to a few paper lanterns hung out at the residences of the Ministers and public offices. The news very quickly spread through all the theatres. At the Circus, one of the Queen's equerries, who happened to be among the spectators, jumped up in a state of frantic excitement, rushed to the front of his box, and told the people that their future King had been born unto them. Thereupon, overcome by his emotions, he burst into tears.

HAMBURG.

TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF THE CRISIS.

A letter from Hamburg, dated "December 8th," says that notwithstanding the arrival of about 100,000,000 francs in silver, at Hamburg, during the past week—notwithstanding the decisions of the Senate on Monday—failures have succeeded one another without intermission. "The amount of bills of exchange protested since the commencement of the crisis is estimated at 140 to 150 millions. The Discount Bank of the State has commenced operations, its rate being 10 per cent. The Bank discounts only the bills of such persons as declare on their honor that they have payments to make that day or the next. The affairs at the Bourse were unimportant, the news of fresh failures having put a stop to all business there. The financial state of this city has again become very alarming; the assistance afforded is insufficient. Several important houses have been declared insolvent, with considerable liabilities. Fears were entertained respecting several Danish houses, but hitherto without sufficient cause."

RUSSIA.

MURDER OF A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

A letter from Constantinople gives interesting details of the murder of Prince Gagarine, the Governor of Kutais, by a Circassian chief, which has already been announced: "About three weeks ago Prince Gagarine received orders from General Bariatinsky, the Governor of the Caucasus, to send the Georgian Prince de Souanète to Tiflis. Prince Gagarine immediately sent for that person, and ordered him to set off, but he positively refused to obey the order. Prince Gagarine told him he would seriously compromise himself by the refusal, and recommended him to comply. On receiving a fresh refusal, the General said that he could not tolerate such obstinacy, and that he should be under the painful necessity of ordering him to be disarmed and placed under arrest. At these words the Georgian Prince exclaimed, 'I be disarmed and arrested! I!' and at the same time drawing out a long knife which the Circassians wear in their waist-belt, he stabbed Prince Gagarine in the abdomen. At the same moment two orderly officers rushed on the Georgian Prince to disarm him, but they were both laid dead by stabs from the same weapon. Two servants then rushed forward, but they were also severely wounded. The Georgian then left the house, threatening death to any one who should attempt to stop him, and went toward the river, but not being able to cross it, he turned back, and, having entered a house, from which he drove out a woman and her children, he barricaded the entrance. A number of soldiers soon, however, arrived, and the door was forced. The Prince defended himself with the long knife; but having received two wounds, was at length disarmed, handcuffed, and taken to prison. Prince Bariatinsky was immediately informed of the catastrophe, and is expected at Kutais. Prince Gagarine died after some hours of very severe suffering.

AUSTRALIA.

HORRID MURDER AT THE DIGGINGS.

The *Melbourne Herald* gives the following account of a diabolical murder at the Ballarat diggings: "On Thursday, the 1st of October, a man named Gaskin, a splitter in Jim Crow forest, called at the Ballan police-station to say that a man had been murdered on the Jim Crow road. Boyle and another trooper immediately started off in the direction pointed out, and eight miles from Ballan they came upon a splitter's hut, in the heart of Jim Crow forest. There they found the prisoner Mason, sitting down with his hands tied behind him, in charge of two men, who were watching him. This was outside the hut. Boyle then went into the hut, where he saw the body of a man, headless, with one leg cut off, apparently with an axe, both arms cut off, and the whole charred, while the remains of a fire showed that an attempt had been made to destroy the body. The fire had since been extinguished. The mutilated trunk lay on its left side, and the severed leg and arms lay across it. The hut was minutely examined by the constables, but the only discovery made was a part of the arms and the half-burned boots of the deceased; the remaining part had been consumed by fire. The head, though carefully searched for, could nowhere be found. The night was then far advanced, and they desisted from further search, remaining in company with the presumed murderer and hideous remains of the dismembered body. The scent of the roast remains, however, attracted the wild cats of the bush around, and the united exertions of all parties present hardly sufficed to keep the hungry animals from feasting upon the human carcass, the scent of which excited their carnivorous instincts. The fearful night at length passed away, and at the earliest dawn the police-officers renewed their investigations. To their inquiries Mason seemed by no means disinclined to respond. The head he said first he had burned, though afterward he insisted that he had hid it in the bush. To deny the horrible crime seemed never to enter his head. The murdered man, whose name was George Beynor (or some such name), was his mate, and he had quarreled with him first and murdered him afterward—how, Heaven and he only know. He did not think much of the murder, for he had known one much worse (could he have alluded to the Meredith tragedy?), where a female had been the victim, and her body similarly treated. The deceased had been his mate for eight months or more, and they had been splitting together in partnership. No signs of blood were seen. He said the blankets of the bed had been saturated, but he had burned them since; and when the police first commenced their examination he said, 'If the man had been a light one he would not have cut him up, but he was so heavy he had to treat him that way.' He was entirely unconcerned; he had taken satisfaction, he said, and that was all he wanted."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

We have news from Calcutta to the 10th, and Bombay to the 17th of November. Generals Havelock and Outram were so closely besieged by seventy thousand Sepoys at Lucknow that no direct communication had been had with them during three weeks, except a few lines. They hoped to be able to hold out until relieved. There was much severe fighting around Lucknow, and Outram's division was terribly cut up. Generals Sir Colin Campbell, Greathead, and Grant were marching to their aid. Sir Colin crossed from Cawnpore into Oude on the 10th of November. There were no fresh outbreaks, but the mutineers of Dinapore and Gwalior were marching for Oude. The life of the old King of Delhi was to be spared. The Scinde, the Punjab, and the Nizam's country were quiet.

PERIL OF LUCKNOW.

A correspondent writes: "So completely is the force at Lucknow beleaguered that the old device of inclosing letters in a quill has been of necessity abandoned. The only message received for weeks was written on a piece of paper three inches square, and concealed by a device it may be prudent as yet to keep private. Sir James Outram's force has been terribly reduced. About the 25th September he and General Havelock forced their way into the Residency and relieved the garrison. This feat was accomplished by pressing on through gardens, small bazars, knots of houses, and other inclosed places. The enemy fought as Asiatics always do fight behind stone walls. The bullets literally rained upon the advancing force, and that single movement cost 400 men. Sixteen officers of the 90th were killed or placed *hors de combat*; and almost all the superior officers of the 5th Fusiliers. I have heard many of the names, but refrain from exciting the regret of their friends at home till further information can be obtained. There had been some hard fighting before the relieving force reached the inclosures, and the total number of soldiers killed or disabled can not be fixed at less than 700. The force, therefore, even after its junction with the garrison already in the Residency, can not be more than 1400 strong; and this small party must be embarrassed by the care of sick and wounded, women and children, to a number in excess of its own. There are besides some 800 men at the Alumbagh, with a great array of camp followers, but they are believed to be without the means of communicating with the Residency. Since this time we know little positively, and that little is obtained solely from native gossip. The rumors, however, all point to one fact—that General Outram, during the second week in October, attacked some large building, probably one of the palaces, and was driven back with further loss of life. I have seen one letter in which the writer, himself in Oude, states this as a fact, but I warn you that this and all other accounts must be received with caution till confirmed. It is nearly certain that there are 70,000 men, Sepoys and armed retainers, around and in Lucknow. Every landholder in Southern Oude, except one, is in arms, to see what he can obtain in the great scramble."

PROSPECTS OF AID.

He adds: "Five hundred men, with a large convoy of provisions and ammunition, left Cawnpore for Lucknow on the 21st October. They, with the assistance of the men in the Alumbagh, may force their way to the Residency, but, immense as is the military value of every European, a garrison so small can not hope to clear a way out through a densely populated town. Nevertheless, there is no cause for despondency. Sir James Outram can hold out till the 10th November. On the 6th or 7th Sir Colin Campbell, with an army, will be before Lucknow. The Commander-in-chief quitted Calcutta on the 27th. He only remained there to organize the means of transport, which, previous to his arrival, were strangely defective. He will reach Cawnpore by the 2d November, and there take the command of some 4000 men, including his own Highland brigade, and 800 cavalry. With this little army and a very heavy train of artillery he will press on to Lucknow, pick up the force at the Alumbagh, and commence the destruction of the city. It is a lath-and-plaster place, and the heavy guns will smash a path for him without so terrible a loss of European life. I hope, therefore, by the mail of the 20th November, to report the destruction of Lucknow, the relief of the garrison, and the dispersion of the besiegers. Great confidence is felt in Sir Colin Campbell. He has will as well as judgment, can be as hard as iron when necessary, and cares nothing about 'old officers,' 'experience,' 'claims,' or, indeed, any thing except efficiency."

A HEROINE IN INDIA.

The Rev. Mr. Scudder, an American missionary in India, gives the following instances of heroism: "In one place, a lady and her husband fled in their carriage. He stood upright. She took the reins. She lashed the horses through a band of mutineers, while he with cool aim shot dead one who seized the horses' heads, and another who climbed upon the carriage behind to cut him down. On they fled, till they again found themselves among foes, and a rope stretched across the road made further progress appear impossible. True to herself, she dashed the horses at full speed against the rope, and as they, bearing it down, stumbled, she by rein and whip raised them, while her husband's weapons again freed them from those who succeeded in leaping upon them. He was wounded, but both escaped with their lives. In another place, a young lady, the daughter of an officer, shot seven mutineers before they killed her. A captain, pressed by his Sepoys, with his good sword slew twenty-six of them before he fell!"

THE CRY FOR VENGEANCE.

A letter from an officer of Colonel Greathead's column, who had been present at the storming of Delhi, and had thence followed in pursuit of the enemy, gives a vivid description of the manner in which the movements of the column had been hampered by the civilians. He mentions one village especially, inhabited by Goojurs, the class who of all others have been most notorious for their cruelty. In it they found the skeleton of a woman; the head severed from the body, and the bones bearing the marks of the most cruel treatment. The skeleton was examined by a doctor, and pronounced to have belonged to a European or half-caste woman. Yet because the village was a large one, and paid a large revenue to government, the magistrate made it a personal favor that it should not be touched. Neither officers nor men could understand this leniency, for they had seen the bodies of their countrywomen at Delhi, their breasts cut off, and every enormity inflicted; they had heard also the speech of one of the sons of the King of Delhi as he was being led to execution. "I die happy," said he, "since I have defiled English women, and seen them walking naked about the streets." The murmurs were therefore loud and deep. But when they came to Cawnpore, and entered the Charnel-house, there perused the writing on the wall, and saw the still clotted blood, their grief, their rage, their desire for vengeance, knew no bounds. One officer was met coming out with a small article of female dress dabbled with blood in his hand. "I have spared many men in fight," he said, "but I will never spare another. I shall carry this with me in my holsters, and whenever I am inclined for mercy the sight of it and the recollection of this house will be sufficient to incite me to revenge." Stalwart, bearded men, the stern soldiers of the ranks, have been seen coming out of that house of murder perfectly unmanned, utterly unable to repress their emotions. From them there will be no mercy for these villainous assassins.

HIGHLAND MONSTERS.

The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* remarks, *en passant*, the extraordinary effect produced on the native mind by the appearance of the Highlanders. "The Sepoys on this side of India have never seen them. At first they took them for women sent out to avenge the massacre of the ladies at Cawnpore. The battle of Oonao disabused them of that idea, and the Highlanders were pronounced 'petticoated devils.' Still they were a puzzle. The Sepoys could understand the existence of devils, but could not comprehend why they should be barelegged. At last the truth came out. The devils were barelegged in order more conveniently to break Sepoys across their knees. A Sepoy of the 73d, who happened to be in Calcutta on their arrival, reported on his return to his regiment that the English were sending out monsters, with legs like elephants, faces covered with hair like wild beasts, and blood-red eyes. The Highlanders are, in truth, a singular contrast to the people of the low country. On the arrival of the 42d, a Sircar or Bengalee clerk had occasion to go on board the vessel. A Highlander stepped up to him, and looked at him long and curiously. Then, catching him by the waist, he held him above his head, exclaiming with a chuckle of amazement, 'Sandy, be thae the things we're to fecht wi?' I need scarcely say that a Sepoy is very different from a Bengalee, being usually taller than an Englishman, though he weighs less."

A TRAITOR AT DELHI.

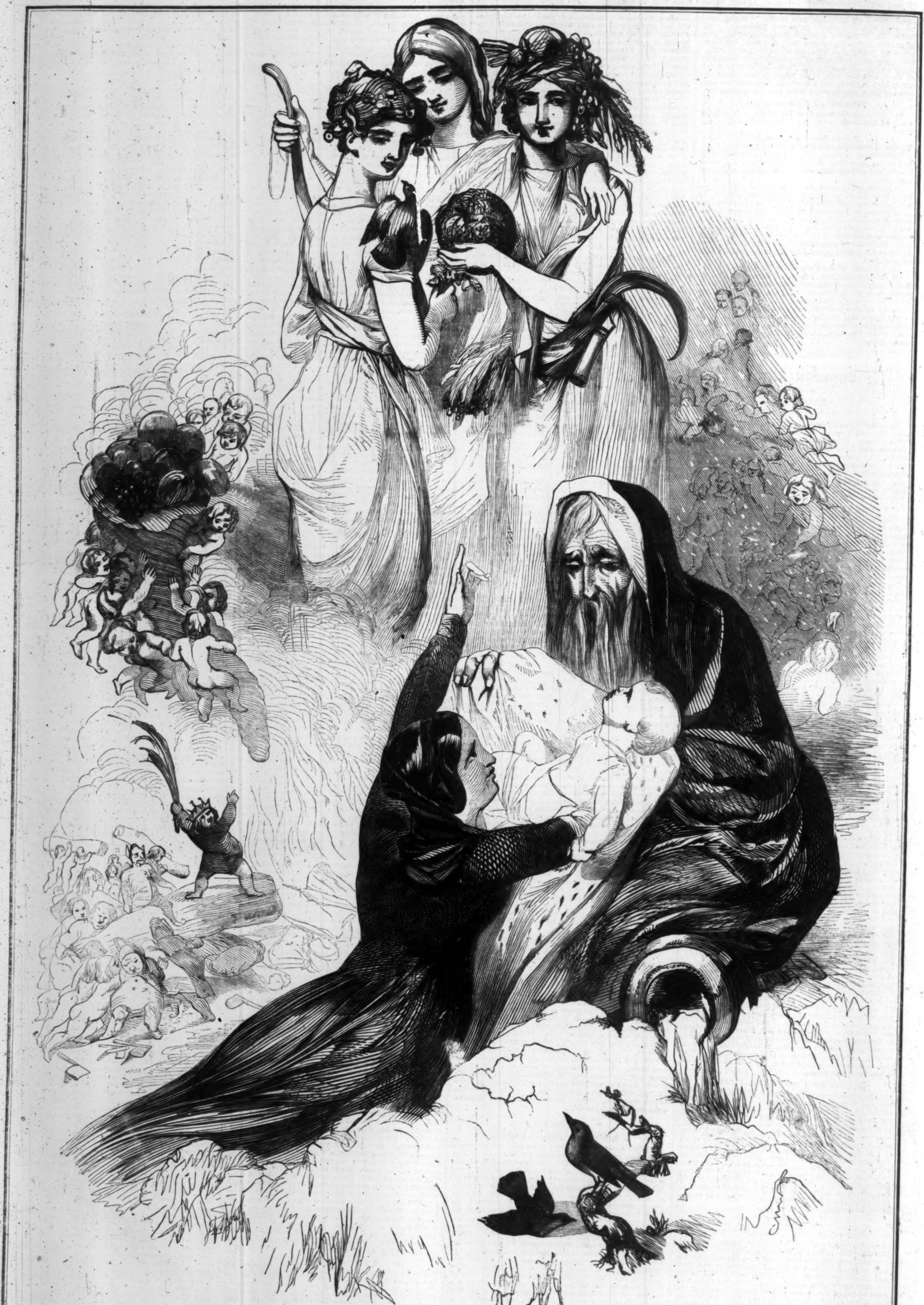
It appears to be proved that there was at least one European at Delhi who lent aid to the mutineers. Many letters report the capture of an Englishman in the dress of a native officer. He was a sergeant-major of the 28th Native Infantry, and formerly an artilleryman. He rendered, it is said, important services to the besieged, and was created a general of artillery. He has not been executed, and, despite appearances, it seems incredible that a European should have deliberately aided the devils who were burning his wounded countrymen. It is to be hoped it will be found that he was simply a man of weak nerves, unable to face the dread of death by torture. In that case his own conscience will be his own sufficient punishment. It is in his favor, also, that the Portuguese drummer, Antonio Seraphim, who was kept to play to the general, and who escaped at a very late period of the siege, does not accuse him, but considers him rather a prisoner. Four Europeans at Moradabad turned Mussulmans to preserve their lives. These five appear to be the only Christians about whose conduct during the rebellion there is even a suspicion. Nearly 6000 of our countrymen were exposed to a danger to which that of death is trivial. One may have yielded, four more purchased life by a temporary apostasy, and that is all, while hundreds have met death or torture as calmly as reward, fighting like Tucker after hope had gone, or like Mrs. Boyse, clinging to her husband's breast to shield him from their balls.

SEPOY ATROCITIES AT DELHI.

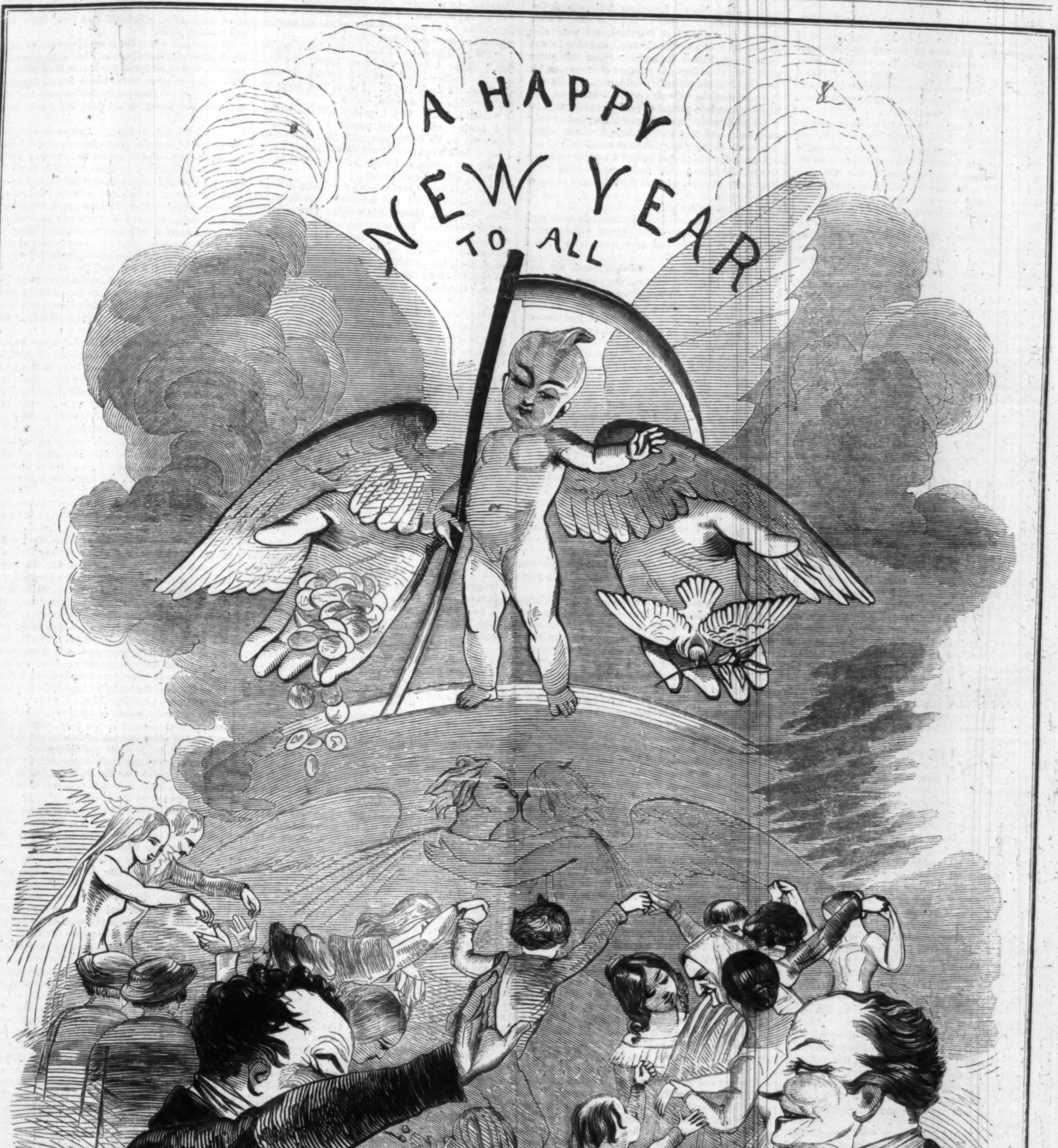
A letter says: "Some further incidents of the siege have come to light, and among them one which has driven every European, except the higher officials, almost frantic. The Sepoys took all the wounded Europeans they could catch during the siege and burned them alive. The charred bodies, tied to stakes, were found by the stormers, with the Queen's buttons still recognizable. It must be remembered that the men who did this were Sepoys, the comrades for one hundred years of the victims—men who had been led by them from victory to victory."

MORE EXECUTIONS OF MUTINEERS.

A letter from Ahmedebad gives the following account of an execution at that place: "Meanwhile the doomed five had been marched to the five fatal guns. They were bound by the arms to the wheels, but their legs were free, and the end man—the only one whom I could entirely see from my place on the flank—leaned his back against the muzzle, as loungers lean against a mantle-piece. I fixed my eyes intently on that man, not fifty yards away, and in a moment the signal was given. There was a roar, and the whizzing of a bullet, far away from the firing party; a bank of white smoke, and a jet and shower of black fragments, sharp and clear, which leaped and bounded in the air; this and a fearful sound from the spectators, as if the reality so far exceeded all previous fancy that it was intolerable; then a dead stillness. I walked straight to the scattered and smoking floor before the guns. I came first to an arm, torn off above the elbow, the fist clenched, the bone projecting several inches, bare. Then the ground sown with red gristly fragments, then a black-haired head and the other arm still held together. This was the man I had watched; close by lay the lower half of the body of the next, torn quite in two, and long coils of entrails twined on the ground. Then a long cloth in which one had been dressed rolled open like a floor-cloth and on fire. One man lay in a complete and shattered heap, all but the arms; the legs were straddled wide apart, and the smashed body in the middle of them; the spine exposed; the head lay close by, too. The last body was that of a native officer, who was the arch fiend of the mutiny; he was a short man, with a cruel face. His head had been cut clean off, but the muscles of the neck had contracted round the throat like a frill. His face was half upturned and calm, the eyes shut. I saw no expression of pain on any of them. What had been his body lay on its face, the legs, as usual, not shattered, but all the flesh torn like cloth from a sharp angle in the hollow of the back, off and off, till it merged in one mangled heap. I turned next to the three who had been shot. One had been struck in the heart, and only bowed slowly over on his face. The others had been pistoled afterward through the head. All I think, however, had been badly hit, as all were prostrate when I ran forward to the guns. And only now—there was so much more terrible—did I look up to the ten white figures slowly swinging and revolving over this scene of blood. I hope they died quickly, but the ropes were very short. The troops immediately marched off, and I rode home at speed, and when I dismounted the dogs came and licked my feet."



THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.


A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE AIR-HOLE.—A SKATING STORY.

THE winter of 185– will be long remembered in southern New England for its extreme and enduring cold. It was in the middle of one of the most slippery portions of that rigorous season that I transacted with one of the most slippery customers I ever met the regular and irregular professional business hereinafter described.

I was at the time a young and not over-busy attorney-at-law, in the slow, solid, and wealthy city of Hartford, Connecticut. A senior professional brother, commonly called Lawyer Brian, just then intensely occupied in preparing a great insurance case, called on me one day at noon, accompanied with a dapper little gentleman of twenty-five.

"Good-morning, Brother Truax," said Lawyer Brian, in his dry, slow way. "Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Spiggleton, of New York City. Mr. Spiggleton—Mr. Truax."

We testified great mutual delight at the acquaintance, and Lawyer Brian continued:

"Mr. Spiggleton is traveling for Longtime, Sellemup, & Co., dry-goods jobbers in Murray Street. He's here on a rather unpromising business; and as I don't go out of the county, and am very busy besides, I've told him that you are exactly the man to make every human exertion in the matter, provided only you have the time."

And as he gravely and deliberately uttered these last words, he winked to me a professional and confidential wink with the eye farthest from Mr. Spiggleton, but without any motion of the other eye, or any other change of feature. With corresponding gravity, I replied,

"I'm much obliged to you, Brother Brian. But when must we go, and whither, and how long must we stay?"

"Only to Middletown; but if there's any thing to be done, it must be done by to-night. You can come back in the morning."

"I don't know—let me look at my docket."

So I opened a leather-covered memorandum, of fat and pompous appearance, and reflectingly read, "Ross *versus* Jenkins—that might be put off. Brown's deeds; arbitration with Robinson; injunction, East Hartford *versus* Bridge Company. Why, I'll undertake it if I can positively come back to-morrow."

N.B. The book contained, I grieve to say, only a caricature of Lawyer Brian, ditto of three Supreme Court Judges, ditto of sundry others of the bar of Hartford County, and sundry items of amounts due from me, in the nature of bills payable. "Only this, and nothing more."

"Well," continued my senior, "I'll leave Mr. Spiggleton with you for the present. If you'll just run into my office before you go, I'll give you a hint or two; and you can make the experiment, at any rate."

So he stalked off, and I inquired of Spiggleton what the business was. Being a smart, clear headed, business man, in spite of his trigness and putty-colored complexion, he proceeded to give me a very succinct statement to the effect that a certain Peleg Bitterill, keeping a "country store" in Portland, Connecticut, opposite Middletown, and on the Connecticut River, nearly half-way from Hartford to the Sound, but also doing business in Middletown, and residing there, had bought a large bill of goods of Longtime, Sellemup, & Co.; that they had received private early advices of his intention to "fail up," and probably to *vamos* with the proceeds; and that he, Mr. Spiggleton, had half an hour ago arrived in hot haste from New York to get the professional help of Mr. Brian, the usual counsel for the firm in those parts, for the obtaining of any possible security; but that Mr. Brian had intimated that Bitterill's case was somewhat understood, as it happened, in Hartford, and that the result of the attempt was rather doubtful.

"What were you proposing to do, Mr. Spiggleton?"

"Why, wouldn't you levy on the goods?"

"I would if I could. But is the payment due?"

"One note for twelve hundred, thirty-five, fifty, due three days since—protested. Two others, amounting together to fourteen hundred, seventy-eight, ten, due thirty days hence."

"You can levy for the protested note only, then."

"But," said Spiggleton, "we thought that he might give security for the whole if we threatened to break him up."

"He's too broken already, it's very likely, to be afraid of being broken any more. It's possible, however, that some of the goods may be within reach. The only thing to be done is to try that, at any rate."

"Can't you arrest the body, Mr. Truax?"

"Not in Connecticut, Mr. Spiggleton, unless upon affidavit of the debtor's fraudulent intention to leave the State. I rather think it's a gone case, unless we can find some of the goods; and even then, if you wanted to do more than to secure that first note, you can only do it on affidavit charging fraud in the purchase, not on action of debt."

"I am prepared to make that affidavit."

"Very well. I'll leave for Middletown at three, then. I'll get the papers ready, and if I want you I'll call. You are stopping where?"

"At the City Hotel."

So Mr. Spiggleton left me, and I prepared for my trip; that is, I ate my dinner, made out a writ for a Middletown officer whom I happened to know, and then stepped over to the legal sanctum of Lawyer Brian.

The old gentleman was deep in the consideration of a tough point in the law of insurance, but with professional versatility he piled up his books and proceeded to give me the information at which he had hinted. It appeared that by some of those numerous secret channels by which all sorts of queer information come quietly into a lawyer's hands, he had learned that Bitterill had been selling a large lot of dry-goods in Hartford at very low prices for cash within a week; that those goods were gone West, and out of reach; that sundry New York and Hartford creditors had also possession of the information which Messrs. Longtime, Sellemup, & Co. thought exclusively theirs; and that officers were waiting for Bitterill at Hartford, and were also looking after him in Middletown; and that he was undoubtedly hidden somewhere about this latter city, with a considerable amount of money on his person; that the idea of attaching any goods was absurd; that the only plan was to catch him, and frighten him into partial or full payment; that he was a stout, active, quarrelsome fellow, and an ugly customer; and that, on the whole, it was as barren a prospect for securing a debt as could well be imagined. He added that he had a sort of business-partner, or fellow-rascal, in Hartford—one Johnson—but that he was too wary a rogue to make any thing of.

"Has Bitterill a wife?" I asked.

"Yes. It's astonishing," indignantly moralized the old lawyer, "how the biggest villain under heaven can always find some woman that's fool enough to have him!"

"Then he might be concealed at home. Or, stay—I see! I can find out from her where he is."

"Hardly, I think; but you can try. One thing more: make those New York men pay you from half to three-quarters of any thing you secure. They would jump at ten *per cent.* for their claim this minute."

"Thank you, Counselor," I answered, laughing; "I'll think of it, unless I should get a thrashing! Good-day."

Leaving word with Spiggleton that I should be back next morning with news, I rode down to the station on Asylum Street. Espying a constable lounging about the building, I accosted him.

"Ah, Mr. Lockitt, how's the bracelet and nabbing business to-day? Any thing new?"

"Why, no," replied the officer. "I'm here on the chance of ketchin' Peleg Bitterill. But I reckon he's too sharp to stick his nose in here. He's a darned sight more likely to be at the Berlin Station, below. But he's wanted there, too."

"Is he?" I answered. "Pleasant thing to be of so much importance, eh? But isn't there some partner of his here in Hartford?"

"Yes, I b'lieve so," said Lockitt, "Jotham Johnson, they say. But there won't nobody prove nothin' against *him*. He's an old bird!"

The train now came thundering in, and, bidding the communicative constable good-morning, I entered the car and went on my way. My intention was to pretend a message from Johnson to Bitterill, if I could find Mrs. Bitterill, and thus discover his hiding-place; but I deferred any detailed scheme until I should have reconnoitred. Changing cars at Berlin, where also I noticed a Hartford officer quietly ensconced in a corner of the station-house, I arrived at Middletown in good season, and proceeded at once to the residence of the officer to whom my writ was directed. He was absent. His wife thought he was "up to Peleg Bitterill's," and getting the direction, thither I went.

It was an insignificant but snug-looking little white tenement, in the northeastern part of Middletown, near the river. As I entered the street where it stood, I met Mr. Japes the constable, walking slowly, his hands in his pockets, and his head down, but his eyes and ears wide open for all that.

"Ah, Mr. Japes, how are you? Will you serve a writ against Bitterill for me?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Truax, after I've found him first, and then served half a dozen others 't I've got in my pocket here," he answered, with a grim official smile.

"How deep is he in?" I asked, confidentially.

"I don't know, I'm sure. There's three fellers up from York, and several from Har'ford, and more'n one from Middletown. There's an officer in the house, and one or two in the streets, for there's a chance of his comin' home to-night, they say. I do'no—*I* guess there won't be enough ketcht on him to put in your eye! Why, they say that if you count all he's done, he's let folks in up to twelve or fifteen thousand dollars! He's a deep one, I tell ye!"

"I'm late in the day, I'm afraid," I observed; "however, there's the writ; I'll go back to the tavern and get some supper, I believe. Hold on, I think I'll see Mrs. Bitterill a moment."

I approached the house and knocked at the door for the purpose of trying the experiment aforementioned. "Come in!" answered a querulous and nasal feminine voice, and I entered; the door opening directly into the plain and very neat little sitting-room. A thin and pale woman, with a worn and frightened look, stood looking out of the window, while a rough-looking fellow, the officer, sat silently by the fire.

"Mrs. Bitterill?" I inquired, bowing.

"That's my name," she answered, in an impatient, angry tone.

I stepped near her, and said, in a tone too low for the officer's ear, "Mrs. Bitterill, won't you let me see you alone a moment?"

She looked suspiciously at me. I added, "I have a message from Jotham Johnson"—she started—"and, if I can't find your husband, I must leave it with you."

She answered, with a meaning look, "The books are in the other room, if you'll just step in there a moment."

She led me into the kitchen, and, leaving the door ajar, took down two or three account books, and laid them open upon the table. "There," she said, "it must be in there." I approached, and, bending over them, pretended to search for some item, while I told her, in a low tone, that I was to warn Mr. Bitterill not to endeavor to leave by way of Hartford, for that they were waiting for him there, and at Springfield too.

"He isn't here," she answered, in the same manner. "He's across the river. He was a goin' up on skates, on the ice, to take a team at East Hartford. You'll have to go and see him there, for he ain't a comin' home agin."

"Across the river?" I said, with a show of reluctance. "It's terrible going, and very cold. But I suppose he must know it. Where is he?"

"At Pat M'Cabe's old shanty, near the Upper Quarry," she answered, with some hesitation. "If you knock, and call out for Jotham Johnson, he'll let you in. You must be pretty quick, for he was a goin' to start not fur from this time."

"I'll go right over," I said; "but it's a tough job." Then I continued, more loudly, for the officer's benefit—I had seen him peering through the door—"I don't find it. I must look again in the morning. Good-night, ma'am."

"Good-night." And I quietly left the house, and having saunteringly passed by Constable Japes, yet on his chilly post, with the remark that I hoped he'd have better luck than I looked for, I turned the corner, and made very quick time to the hotel, scheming as I went.

This was evidently a pretty well-considered scheme of Bitterill's, and indicated that he must have something somewhere, worth taking a good deal of pains for. This could not well be any thing except money, which, accordingly, I presumed he had about his person, to the full amount of the receipts from his swindling sales; very likely five thousand dollars. On skates? I meditated; that is not a bad idea, it's glorious skating all the way up, and for such a slippery trick so slippery a means is very suitable.

I determined that I would take a hasty supper, procure a pair of skates and a stout stick, and start off alone after our sly friend Peleg; for skating being a "specialty" of mine, I made no doubt that if he should have set out I could overhaul him on the river. What exactly to do if I should come up with him, I didn't know. But it was an adventure, at any rate, and I felt quite assured that either by persuasion or force I could effect some arrangement or other which should benefit my clients, and, willy nilly, ease his conscience. At the worst, I proposed to arrest him on my own responsibility, and secure him in some way until I could transfer him to the clutches of the law. Nearly three thousand dollars! It was worth one hot chase, or a cold one either. But—suppose he should overpower me? A great, rough, black-whiskered bully, Spiggleton called him. It would be, in Western phrase, "pretty ridiculous," if he should knock me in the head and leave me on the ice. Yet some risks must be taken, and with my training in the fistic art, I did not, on the whole, fear for the result of a single combat.

So meditating and deciding, I reached the hotel, and finding the proprietor, I addressed him in haste:

"Landlord, I want you to do four things for me a *little* faster than they were ever done before. First, get me supper. Second, send out and buy me a good pair of skates, and also, third, a stout straight cane. Fourth, furnish me a pocket-flask of good brandy."

"It shall be done in fifteen minutes, Sir." He disappeared with speed, and it was done—I mean the supper—and before my short and rapid meal was complete, the required remaining articles were at hand; and paying my bill, putting the skates and the flask in my pocket, fortifying myself with comforter, overcoat, gloves, and mittens, and grasping my stick, I was ready.

"Where is the road to the Upper Quarries?"

"Cross the river at the steamboat-landing," answered the somewhat puzzled host; "and it leads you a direct route, behind the Middle Quarries, straight along, up past Pat M'Cabe's old shanty."

"That's enough; thank you. Good-night."

And I was off. It was now between five and six o'clock, and bitter cold, with a sharp wind from the northeast. Settling my head well down in my coat-collars, as if I were trying to cover my ears with my shoulders, with hands in pockets, and cap drawn over eyes, I struck a round pace for the landing, and in five minutes reached the dock. The river lay utterly silent and motionless before me, one great sheet of cold, grayish snow ice; a dismantled schooner, careened over, was frozen-in a few rods out; no voice nor sound was heard; the lights from the houses opposite, in Portland, twinkled dimly through the keen air. And the unsteady, tremulous light of the wintry moon made the deadness of the scene almost ghastly. I paused a moment to look, and then climbing down upon the frozen surface, sliding, scrambling, half-walking, half-running, as those must do who walk on smooth ice, I proceeded. All at once, a series of noises like—

Whip—prrrt—slap bang—crack—crack—*crack!* beginning somewhere out of sight, came ripping and rattling past me, in the ice, and so faded away down the river toward the Narrows. It was a "frost-crack;" and a token of the extremest cold—a sort of groan from the ice under the relentless rigor of the Ice King.

Reaching the other side, I found the road without difficulty. It led me some little distance back from the river, up the steep slant of the hills which border it, and then turning northward, ran along the verge of the immense excavations known as the Middle Quarries. These enormous pits, which look as if a whole farm had been pulled up by the roots and the hole left, extend far below the water-level of the river, the sandstone growing finer in quality as the pit grows deeper; and furnish employment to a vast force of laboring men, as well as "brown stone fronts," caps, sills, and stone blocking, for all parts of the United States. Past the precipitous verge of these great horrible abysses, that looked all but bottomless in the deceitful moonlight, I cautiously and rapidly pursued my way; and having kept on in that direction perhaps a quarter of a mile, gradually returning toward the river, reached the miserable old hovel known as Pat M'Cabe's shanty; a rackety, solitary, dismantled den, where M'Cabe had kept a whisky-shop in the summer, and which had become notorious by reason of the many desperate rows that had occurred there and thereabouts. It was, however, now altogether deserted, and indeed had lost so many boards and joists that it was little more than the tottering skeleton of a tenement.

I knocked loudly at the broken door, and called out "Johnson! Jotham Johnson!" There was no reply, and I entered. The hut was empty; but in one corner there was a heap of shavings and a blanket or two, and there were also the embers of a decaying fire. Bitterill had been there, and had recently gone.

Quarter past six. He must have it in mind to reach Hartford, and then the first railway station between Springfield and Boston, in time to board the evening express train, which leaves Hartford at eight P.M. "That needs fast skating and fast driving—and faster on my part, if I am to catch him."

I hurried down the high precipitous bank to the river, slid out upon the gray, glassy ice, and, kneeling down, proceeded to put on the skates. Deliberately—for in such a business the more haste the less speed—and carefully I fitted them, jammed the heel-pins home, passed and buckled the straps, straining them until my feet felt as if compressed in iron shoes, replaced my mittens, grasped my stick, one hand at each end, holding it athwart me—a most excellent plan, by-the-way, in skating long distances—and wheeling about in a few small circuits to feel the ice, and the skates, and the elasticity of my muscles, I turned northward, bent low, headed diagonally across the river to round the next point above, and struck out across the glimmering silent ice, with long, steady, rapid, sweeping strokes.

From Middletown to Hartford is about twenty-five miles, by the course of the river. I might decrease this distance a mile or two, by taking advantage of my knowledge of the river, and "cutting off corners." But Bitterill doubtless knew the same, and my object, if attained at all, must be so by desperate straightforward racing. My skates, fortunately, though quite new, were not too sharp; and as the ice was extremely hard, they ran over it with very little of the scoring cut which is so apt to diminish speed; and for twenty minutes I sped steadily on at a moderate pace, until I should get a little easy in my work. There had been so much skating that the many tracks along my route afforded me no indications as to my predecessor.

Click—whip—crack—*bang!* went another frost-crack. Colder yet; and although very little of me except the tip of my nose was visible, the air rushing past my face fairly *burned* it with cold. But now my blood began to grow warm with the manly exercise; and gradually I increased my speed up to a good racing pace, not, however, going at a faster rate than I felt that I could hold up to the old wooden bridge at Hartford. The icy northeaster whistled in my ears as I flew along, or moaned and sang dirges to me from among the leafless trees and evergreens on the bleak hill-sides. It would blow the sound of Bitterill's feet back to me, and keep mine from him.

Away I went, sweeping by the wide bare meadows, past the gorges in the hills, whirling round point after point, stretching in straight lines from one to the next, while the reduplicated ringing strokes of my skates made a monotonous music for me, and I could hear the little fragments cut out by an occasional heavy foot-thrust, blown crackling backward by the wind.

Past Middletown Upper Houses; past the level meadows of South Glastenbury, famed for walnuts; past the steep, barren hill-sides of Rocky Hill, I swept along for fifteen miles and more; and now I came shooting up toward Glastenbury Landing, and still I neither saw nor heard any skater. I rounded the point opposite the landing. From this place a long, straight reach opens, the vista being closed by the roofs and cupolas of the Connecticut State Prison, situate in the onion-metropolis, Wethersfield. Now I could see upon the river, half-way up the reach, the figure of a man skating along at a good pace. It must be Bitterill; and my coming upon him while he was speeding so rapidly toward the prison might be taken as an omen of his fate and my success.

Now, at last, I put forth the very utmost of my strength; and, going at a tremendous pace, was rapidly overhauling the dishonest bankrupt. I was almost within speaking distance, when he must have heard the ringing of my skate-irons; for suddenly looking over his shoulder he saw me, and instantly redoubled his speed, which convinced me that he was my man. Away we flew for nearly a mile in perfect silence, except for the scoring and ringing skate-strokes; but I steadily closed up, until, as we turned and swept northward again, round the bend in the bow of which the State Prison stands, I spoke:

"Bitterill, hold up! I want to speak to you!"

"Go to ——!" he vociferated, with abundance of other curses, but slackened not his speed.

I continued to gain, and was just considering whether I would knock him down with my stick or lay hands on him, when, turning his head, he suddenly discharged first one pistol-shot and then another, but, firing over his shoulder, missed me. I was even already lifting my stick, and should have returned his compliment—unless he had "winged" me with a further use of his revolver—when at once the gray ice over which we had been gliding disappeared, and I seemed to be skating on water. It was dead black ice. Good God! *an air-hole!* An instantaneous, horrible thrill of fright shot through me; my speed was too great to turn aside, but, with an instinctive impulse, I shut my eyes, and sprang desperately up from the ice with both feet.

The tremendous speed of my former motion and the effort of that terrific leap swung me over ten feet of black, open water, and threw me, with a severe fall, flat upon the thin but tough black ice beyond. As I leaped I heard a cry, the crackling of breaking ice, a plunge—Bitterill had driven blindly into the ghastly open abyss!

I had slid some distance beyond the spot where I fell. Stunned and hurt, I arose with difficulty just as the prison-bell rang out an alarm upon the keen, still air. The two pistol-shots had been heard, and it was probably thought that some convict was escaping. That was not exactly it; the old bell might, however, be taken to sound forth the signal that a culprit was caged. A glance showed me that we were opposite the entrance of that singular body of water called Wethersfield Cove; the warmer outflow from whose springs, passing through a narrow channel into the river, had kept open this death-trap, within whose fearful circle Bitterill had risen to the surface, and, the swift current carrying him to the lower side of the orifice, was sustaining himself by his arms, but made ineffectual struggles to creep out upon the thin ice, which cracked and broke as he bore upon it.

"Hold still!" I cried. "I'll get a rail." So I hurried to the next fence, and was returning with the rail dragging behind me, when it occurred to me that circumstances facilitated the making of good conditions with friend Peleg, since he was now, in a manner, at my mercy. So I halted and addressed him:

"You are Peleg Bitterill, are you?"

"Yes."

"You'll settle Longtime, Sellemup, & Co.'s bill if I get you out, will you?"

He answered evasively, and with some curses—but rather cool ones, for he was hardly able to speak by this time—"Oh, h—! Are you going to let a man drown before your eyes? Shove me that rail, will ye?"

And, in a rage, he made a great spluttering in the water. But he was getting a little stiff, and the ice kept breaking and letting his head under. I was not to be satisfied with evasions, and repeated my demand.

"Agree to settle that bill in full, with interest, and here's the rail. If not, why, you must get out yourself. Come, I can't wait all night here, I have business at Hartford." And, dropping the rail, I turned as if to depart.

Not that I would have left the rogue to drown, but it was as well to let him think so. So he very sullenly agreed to my conditions; upon which I spread myself flat on the ice, crawled out until I could reach him with the rail, and held it as firmly as I could, while he raised himself upon it and cautiously crawled out, resting partly upon the rail and partly upon the ice.

As he scrambled along to firmer footing, such was the intensity of the cold that every time his mitten or his knee touched the ice, all dripping as he was with water, they froze fast to it; and when at last he stood erect, which he was only able to do by my help, and walked stiffly and feebly toward the shore, we had not reached the bank before he was clothed from head to foot in crackling icy armor. He would fain have sat down for rest, but he would never have risen; and it was only by threats and entreaties, and with no small amount of actual dragging and pushing, that I succeeded in leading him to the door of the nearest house, where, upon knocking, we were hospitably admitted, and forthwith put before a cheerful fire. The bustling Yankee dame and her husband both agreed with me that Bitterill must at once go to bed, for he was almost speechless. When, however, Mr. Allen (our host) and I attempted to strip him he would have resisted. Without attending to his efforts, however, we quickly disrobed him, when his reluctance was explained. He wore a belt, with a considerable sum in gold sewed up in it, under his clothes. But we stripped him, rubbed him down with warm towels, gave him a dose out of my brandy-flask, and it was not long before he was asleep. On emptying his pockets that his clothes might be dried, I took the liberty of investigating his exchequer; whereupon he appeared to be possessed of about five thousand dollars, all told. From this I abstracted the amount for which I had stipulated with him, and having deposited the same with my own slender peculium, I went to sleep—pretty well fatigued, but with a joyful mind.

Rising early, I suggested to Mr. Bitterill (who was still asleep when I entered his room) the possibility of my delivering him up to certain individuals anxious to put papers into his hands (commencing "To the Sheriff," etc., and ending "Justice of Peace") and hands on his shoulder; at which idea he exhibited and expressed a disgust profound in character and altogether profane in expression. But the suggestion prevailed with him to yield a perfect assent to the little transaction of which I informed him, and whose completeness I demonstrated by exhibiting to him the bunch of wet bills in my pocket-book. And he took, though with an evil grace, a receipt in full from me as Longtime, Sellemup, & Co.'s attorney.

Leaving him to his own devices, and thanking and paying Mr. Allen, I hastened to Hartford, where, not to fail in the strict line of my duty to the community, I notified officer Lockitt of the place where I had left Bitterill, whom, however, although the constable used instant diligence, he failed to apprehend. I have received no news of him since; he may be in California or in Congress for what I know.

I found Spiggleton at the hotel in Hartford, informed him, with a grave face, that I had found that there were absolutely no goods to attach, and that I had reliable information that Bitterill had left Middletown; but, I added, I thought that there was a certain channel by which, for a full release, twenty-five *per cent.* or thereabouts of the amount due could be obtained.

Spiggleton's further inquiries about Bitterill seemed to have even lowered his estimate of the man and his solvency; for he caught at the offer, and said it was lucky that they could get so much.

I laughed. "I beg pardon, Mr. Spiggleton, I couldn't resist the temptation to try your hopes. I've secured the whole amount. Have the kindness to count those bills, will you?"

And I deposited the documents, yet wet, but good money and true, upon the table. In silent wonder the New Yorker counted and summed up.

"Twenty-seven hundred and thirteen dollars, sixteen cents," he said. "Did you fish the funds out of the river? The notes are wet enough."

"Yes, literally and truly, I did," I answered; and told him my story, to his great satisfaction and delight.

Longtime, Sellemup, & Co. paid me two hundred and fifty dollars for that night's work; but no money would buy me to experience again the one quick, deadly pang of fright that thrilled through me at the sight of the black ice of the air-hole; neither, to this day, can I walk over the frozen surface of any water without a slight instinctive trembling.

STANZAS TO AN EGG.

[BY A SPOON.]

Pledge of a feather'd pair's affection,
Kidnapped in thy downy nest,
Soon for my breakfast—sad reflection!—
Must thou in yon pot be drest.

What are the feelings of thy mother?
Poor bereaved, unhappy hen!
Though she may lay, perchance, another,
Thee she ne'er will see again.

Yet do not mourn. Although above thee
Never more shall parent brood,
Know, dainty darling! that I love thee
Dearly as thy mother could.

ONE DAY IN MY LIFE.

I.—THE JOURNEY.

Thanksgiving began earlier than usual for me that year. I date its inception from the Tuesday night before, when with a subdued yet conscious triumph I announced my invisibility at the office for the remainder of the week. The joy of a rare vacation was enhanced by the bright visions before me. The roasted turkey—bird sacred to the day—soared before me with freedom in his wings; while on the eastern horizon, rich, round, and golden as the harvest moon, up rose a famous pumpkin pie. Exultant yet pitying, I bade adieu to my fellow-laborers. For them no Connecticut oven glowed with seven-fold fires—no home-fed turkey yielded up his life. Still "cabined, cribbed, confined" within the city, theirs was to be the tinseled imitation of a feast, one remove, and only one, above the pasteboard banquets of the stage. But *I* was going to keep Thanksgiving in Connecticut; and already the foreshadowing of the great day made me jubilant and thankful.

As a rule, I am not fond of early rising. I never could appreciate the point of that joke which turns on waking a man up early to be hung. Given the untimely hour, the ruthless invasion of that delicious morning nap, and of what account is the additional circumstance? It is a clear instance of bathos. Be content, O venerable Miller, with the main fact, and diminish not its zest, if zest it have, by minor details!

But on that eventful Wednesday morning I did not hesitate. The sun had not yet risen when fifteen car-loads of mildewed humanity emerged from the depôt and journeyed to meet him. Like Israelites of old, we traveled by faith, and not by sight. The rain pattered on the roofs, and we rushed headlong through the darkness; but we knew that Connecticut was ahead, and that seed-time and harvest were not more sure than her great annual feast. Through the dark tunnel, over Harlem bridge, by mushroom villages innumerable, scattered through rocky Westchester—Melrose and Waverley, Seraphinaburg and Laura Matildaville. A little river glided across our path, and we were in New England. The plashing rain became feathery flakes, and every hill-side grew whiter as we sped along. Children began to ask when grandpas would come, and tell over their joyous anticipations; and children of a larger growth, grave men and women, gazing dreamily out on the familiar landscape, felt their impassive hearts throb once more with something of the same childish longing. At every stopping-place they debarked in crowds and were borne away—some by diverging railroads; some in quaint, roomy stages; some, already near their bourne, by still quainter vehicles, in which Uncle Horace or Cousin Ezekiel had driven over to meet them.

Our pilgrimage was longer. Through the damp and fetid cavern which serves the New Haven people for a depôt, and to the rest of mankind images Bunyan's Valley of the Shadow of Death; by Saybrook, where we wondered whether it was the real original Saybrook Platform, on which some orthodox-looking people were standing; through New London, and over, under, by, between, and all around various bits of Norwich, which lies as if a town had fallen from the sky and been broken to bits upon the rocky banks of the river. Along the smooth Thames, and the rippling Quinebaug, whose cold waters seemed almost to curdle as they ran; and at last the train stopped, and the conductor shouted the name of our destination, as if we did not know that already, and had not been coating, and shawling, and gloving ourselves for the last thirty miles.

But if the skies were inclement, their welcome was the only cold one. It was worth a day's journey through the storm to put your hand in the Captain's great palm, and look into his big blue eye, and hear his cheery words of welcome. You instinctively felt that there was vast room in his heart, wherein, as in a great banqueting hall, whole troops of friends could keep a merry Thanksgiving. A goodly man is Cousin James to look upon, towering up as he does head and shoulders high over us, his manly face bronzed by East Indian rays, while the clear calm sunshine of his native New England beams from those great blue eyes. There is sadness in them, too, that tells of thoughts dwelling with his lost ones; with the babes that lie in the grave-yard at home, and the loving wife over whom ocean waves forever sing requiem. By her sick-bed, and over her pale corse, as with quivering lip he read the last solemn prayer, he has learned to "suffer and be strong." And strong he is: strong of arm, and strong of heart. The sad memories lie in the deep shadows of his soul, and only soften and chasten the light of gladness in which he walks. Playfully he lifts us, like babes, into the carriage, and like babes tucked up in bed swathes us about with the soft skins he has brought from a far-off country. His work for the day is not yet done; more guests still will arrive by the evening train; so off we go through mud and mist, and leave him in the gathering darkness, pacing up and down the platform as if it were a quarter-deck.

II.—THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

High on a bleak and barren hill, like the weather-beaten ark stranded on Ararat, stands the old meeting-house of the North Parish. Once upon a time it was the nucleus of a flourishing country village, and tradition fondly points back to the time when no less than three "stores" made it a place of commercial importance. But this Augustan age has passed forever. In the valleys round about thriving factory villages have sprung up, and business has slid down into them. Still the North Parish persists in considering them her suburbs. Like a lonely old maid, she keeps solitary state in the old homestead while her younger sisters have gone abroad in the world, and are thrifty matrons with troops of children growing up around them. Over her long green no children wander. From its upper end the weather-beaten spire, a land-mark for miles around, looks down upon half-closed and mouldy houses where a few old men and women, whom no change can tear from their life-long homes, sit waiting to be gathered into the grave-yard where their fathers lie. Their sons and daughters are in the far city, or on the wide ocean, and there is no youth left in the lonely old place.

But from the lower corner of the green on that Thanksgiving eve a bright light streamed out into the sleety darkness, betokening us a welcome. Nor was the token belied. The door opens as we drive up, and warm and cheerful are the hearts and hearths that receive us. Age and loneliness have not frozen the life-blood of the old North Parish yet.

How shall a modern, a town-bred pen dare to portray thee, thou perfect specimen of ancient madamhood, Aunt Mary? If different fate had placed thee on a throne, or by the side of some republican sovereign, fame would have handed thy name down to posterity as a woman worthy of thy great place. And yet, in all true elements of character, thou wouldst have been no more excellent than now. The reign of a virtuous woman over her own household, is it not, of all spheres, that where innate royalty of soul shows itself most truly out? And the rule of a New England mother, is it not verily a reign? Judge between them: on the one hand "the divinity that doth hedge about a king;" on the other, "honor thy father and thy mother." Would those stalwart Yankees, her sons, bow as implicitly to the one claim as to the other? They themselves have long been men in authority, accustomed to make their word law to multitudes of inferiors. He would be a rash man who should taunt either of them with not daring to do "all that may become a man." But ask one of them now whether he would *dare* disobey his mother. Or, if you prefer a different form of the question, ask Cousin James to light his best-beloved Manilla cheroot in the south parlor; suggest to Cousin William that he do not retire to-night when his mother hands him a candle and commences raking up the ashes. You may try the experiment, dear reader, if you wish; for myself, I respectfully decline.

Aunt Mary, however, can not sit in state to-night to have her portrait taken *en reine*. There are cabinet meetings to be held in the kitchen, and privy-councils in the pantry, to say nothing of repeated journeys into the chambers and other remote provinces of her kingdom. Even at this minute, though with brow as serene as if a whole household were not weighing on it she sits in her great chair in the best room, and pretends to talk to me, I know she will catch the first sound of wheels without. Her attention to me is but a piece of state policy after all; or say, rather, of that condescension which sits so gracefully on royalty.

She does not listen long in vain. Watch her now, as, with lamp in hand, she peers out into the storm from the opened door. Can you not see that the expected one is the youngest, still the petted child to her, long as he has been to others a portly, prosperous man? Yes, it is he at last. He steps carefully out of the creaking carryall, for a faint suspicion of the gout has followed him even here. But he does not think of it when he stands on the threshold of the old home, with his mother's arms around his neck, and his lips on her silver hair. Into her face I did not need to look; but you, dear reader, if perchance you have thought there was little heart in that rigid old lady, and if you have been one of those who believe that the great central fires of this world do not glow as truly beneath the granite hills of New England as under sunny Southern plains, why then it were well for you to watch that mother's greeting of her son.

III.—AT DINNER.

"How about that Thanksgiving dinner?" growls the judicious friend, to whom I suppose myself to be telling this little history.

Possess thyself, oh worthy but impatient critic, and I will come to it.

"'Nec gemino bellum,' you know, my dear friend, 'Trojanum orditur ab ovo.'"

And my critical friend, satisfied that he has not only rebuked me, but made a very neat display of his classics, becomes gracious, replaces his feet on the office-desk, and relapses into—listening.

He has lost by it, however, more than he can know. The events of that day, from the moment when my nose first emerged into the Arctic atmosphere of the northwest, or keeping-room chamber (temperature, 50° by observation—of my own fingers), up to the time when I subsided beneath those same "kiverlids" again, deserved a "vate sacro" which henceforth they will "carent."

Nor will the reader now make with becoming fullness and leisure the acquaintance of my cousin Jacob, of Boston. Cousin Jacob does business in a granite store, very redolent of tar and oakum, upon some wharf. When I say that he is one of the solid men of that sea-port, my reader will understand me. Cousin Jacob *is* a solid man. His wharf is a solid wharf. His store and his credit are solid. So are his bank account and his watch chain. His ships are good solid ships, built at Piscataquis, and Passamaquoddy, and other odd-named places Down East, where they build such ships by the mile, and saw them off to any length required. I have no doubt he married into a solid family, and made his choice from solid esteem. One could not be four-and-twenty hours under the same roof with Mrs. Cousin Jacob without feeling assured of it.

Dinner was a little late, but the time did not seem long. When it was ready I went forth to meet it, as the poet beautifully remarks, without fear, and with a manly heart. Cousin James's cousin, Lydia, was on my arm.

There, the secret is out, and I may as well spare myself all clumsy efforts at further concealment. Did you ever know me particularly pleased with any thing that there was not a hazel-eyed young woman at the bottom of it? On this occasion I was in great good-humor. I had demonstrated (*vide* Euclid) that the cousin of my Cousin James must be my cousin also; and the hazel-eyed young woman had admitted the force of my reasoning.

"Liddy, child," said Uncle 'Diah, from the other end of the table, "have you heerd of Mary Parsons's engagement to Tom Hopkins?"

"Mary and Tom Hopkins engaged!" cried Hazel-eye. "Why, Uncle 'Diah, they are cousins!"

Something suddenly destroyed my relish even for second-joint and side-bone. The rest of that dinner is vague in my memory. I ate as in a dream. I recall only a long procession of spectral turkeys; of shadowy oyster patties; of illusion concerning mince, and apple, and pumpkin pies in large quantity. To the other guests these were substantial enough. So they were to the panting "help" in the kitchen, where a fresh voice now attracted our attention, and announced the arrival of Darncoat.

Every country neighborhood has its walking romance. Darncoat is that of the North Parish. A poor, half-witted old man, silent and inoffensive, wandering restlessly from house to house, over a wide circuit. All know his story, and give willingly the simple fare and shelter he craves. Aunt Mary generally finds him her self-invited guest on Thanksgiving-day.

"Egad," says Dr. Cook, stroking down his waistcoat, and looking complacently over the well-filled board, "I don't think the fellow so much of a simpleton after all."

While Darncoat was feasting in the kitchen Aunt Mary told us his story. It was a simple old-time love-story—of a passion long hidden, and revealed only in time to learn that the avowal was but a day too late. A stronger soul would have conquered or been crushed. His simple, fond nature was only crazed and crippled for life.

"Poor fellow!" said I, when the story was told, and the words seemed to come from the very bottom of my heart. I started at their tone, and my quick, half-guilty glance detected that of Hazel-eye turned full and searchingly on me. It was very provoking that she should be taken just then with a cough, and forced to leave the table.

When she came back we were all assembled in the parlor, and the old clock on the stairs was wearily working away on the hours that reached to tea-time. Cousin William, tall and fair-haired, a mighty player on the bass-viol, and chief among choristers, had brought out Carmina Sacra, or something like it, and with the black-eyed, black-browed Melinda was distinctly audible in the dining-room. They could very well have dispensed with Hazel-eye's company, and would have sung the book through from cover to cover most contentedly without her. My face must have said as much when she joined them, for I caught Mrs. Cousin Jacob eying it with a very roguish smile, the same I had seen on her face when Hazel-eye left the dinner-table. How I wished that estimable lady a safe and very speedy return to Beacon Street!

In fact I was thoroughly miserable. For ten years I had stood at the very threshold of that pure, rich heart, gazing on its treasures; and yet it never had occurred to me to seek an entrance until just as the door, so to speak, was slammed in my face.

Tea came at last, and then the long evening. The young folks, whose anticipations of a frolic had been somewhat chilled by the presence of Mrs. Cousin Jacob from Boston, seized with glad surprise upon her suggestion of a game. After much discussion we hit upon one of those elaborately heavy performances in which one couple is exiled from the room while the rest devise a puzzle. Mrs. Cousin Jacob, *spirituelle* as I used to think her, was just stupid enough to use her influence for it. When it fell to the lot of Hazel-eye to choose a partner and go out, my heart beat like a winnowing-mill; but she selected Uncle 'Diah and the mill slacked. When it came to the turn of Mrs. Jacob, and she called on me, it was going very heavily indeed.

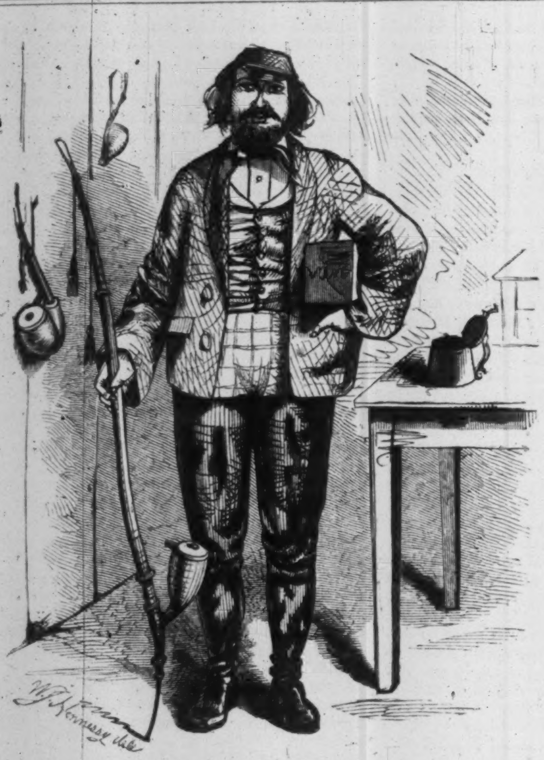
"Bless my heart," cried my lady, as we reached the door, "if I have not forgotten my handkerchief! Cousin Lydia, do, please, take my place while I run up stairs."

Oh, Mrs. Jacob, Mrs. Jacob! How much I should have lost if you had gone back to Beacon Street to-day!

Hazel-eye came demurely enough out of the room, but her cheek glowed, and her glance did not meet mine.

Now do you suppose I am going to tell you what was said in the five minutes before they called us back? Or in the ten which elapsed after that before we went back? Or what young couple it was that lingered in the parlor after every body else but Aunt Mary had retired, and kept that old lady nodding in her chair till she was clear out of patience?

By no means. If you insist on knowing, ask my wife!



THE REGULAR STUDENT.

THE LIFE OF AMERICAN STUDENTS AT HEIDELBERG.

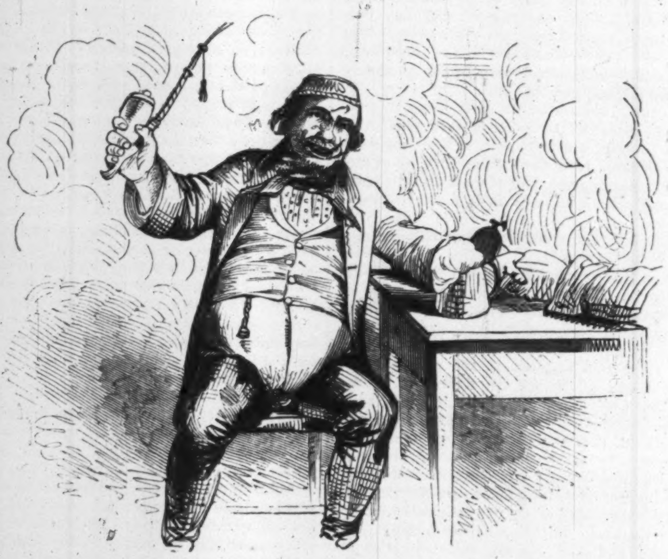
To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

HEIDELBERG, *December*, 1857.

HERE I am at last, a jolly student of medicine, at the old Karl-Rupert University of Heidelberg. I believe in the old proverb, "When you are among the Turks, do as the Turkeys do;" so just three months ago, just before matriculation, I bought the longest pair of boots, almost concealing the *os femoris*, the shortest bob-coat, not quite covering my *os pelvis*, that I could find. I also purchased two or three pipes, one about a yard long, which Kätchen has to light for me; and a map for the lectures. Add a small dumpy cap, and my beer mug, and then allow me to introduce your humble servant—a through and through German student. The American caterpillar turned German butterfly. I like the rig. It's bold and effective; there is *ton* about it, and you feel more like a real Teuton in it.

My first four weeks I fear did not smell much of medicine. I went round under the auspices of lusty Burschen beer-drinkers, inducting myself generally into the mysteries of beer and duels. This forms the quintessence of student-life here. Not a traveler passes this place without going to see the duels, or coming home very late from some beer-kneipe, very drunk. Jones comes over from New York. He wants to see a duel. Could I introduce him to some one? Oh! certainly. So I introduce Jones to Mr. Saufenheimer, with whom he sees a duel, and gets also an invitation to the kneipe or club that evening. The next day I meet Jones, looking rather seedy. "How are you, Jones? Did you have a good time last night?" "Oh, capital! splendid!" "What did you do?" "Oh! you see, we—we—went up to their room there, and sat down, and drank some beer now and then, and—and—oh! I tell you we had a capital time, I assure you." Now, the real state of the case is, that Jones was brought home by four students and put to bed, and beyond a cloudy recollection of pipes, beer, and tobacco, dancing, singing, and hugging, smoke, swords, and swearing eternal friendship to every body—beyond this, his account of things is very indistinct. Saufenheimer likes to put travelers through in this style. There was my friend H——, of Boston, who will probably remember the very mellow state in which he reached his couch not long ago. You won't forget, shall you, H——, that ornamental painting on the house, not in water-colors, which you worked out so handsomely that evening after you got home? You remember the three dollars you had to pay to get it removed? Blazes! how the good Frau Stockenhausen raved when she first saw that illustration adorning her clean white front.

We have five corps or fighting clubs here, numbering about one hundred and fifty members altogether; and if you wish for a "muss" or a "row" you can have it at the shortest notice. Generally speaking, we are in a perpetual stew of some kind all the time. From eight to ten duels a day, for at least four days in the week, is about the general average. They begin at eight in the morning, and get through at about one or two o'clock. Of course, the "powers that be" wink at this state of things. It's a vent-hole for hot blood, and, if stopped, might burst out somewhere in the form of a revolution, or something perhaps equally dangerous: so they say, we will let them alone so long as they don't kill one another. These duels are of three kinds: first, for a trial of skill simply; second, the half-serious, without cap and breeches; third, the serious, with pistols, rapiers, or the sabre. The first one originates as follows: One corps sends another a challenge, saying, "We have six men ready to fight six of yours of equal standing." The challenge is of course accepted, and Tom, Dick, Bob, and Harry, without knowing with whom, agree to fight, with the chances of getting a chop in the face which will disfigure them for life. This kind of duel can not exceed fifteen minutes. The combatants having been duly beleathered and bandaged by the doctor, are led forth into the hall, looking very much like two overgrown haystacks. An umpire having been selected, and the combatants taken their places, the duel proceeds in this manner:



MY FRIEND SLAPPENHEIMER.

UMPIRE. "Silentium—silentium!"

A dead silence ensues.

FIRST SECOND. "Auf die mensur fertig, los!" From our position, Ready—fight. (Slap, slap—slash, slash—slap, flash, whack.)

SECOND SEC. "Halt!"

FIRST SEC. "Weshalb"—why?

SECOND SEC. "Klinge ist gesprungen"—your blade is sprung.

FIRST SEC. (*to the Umpire*). "Is the blade sprung?"

UMP. "The blade is sprung."

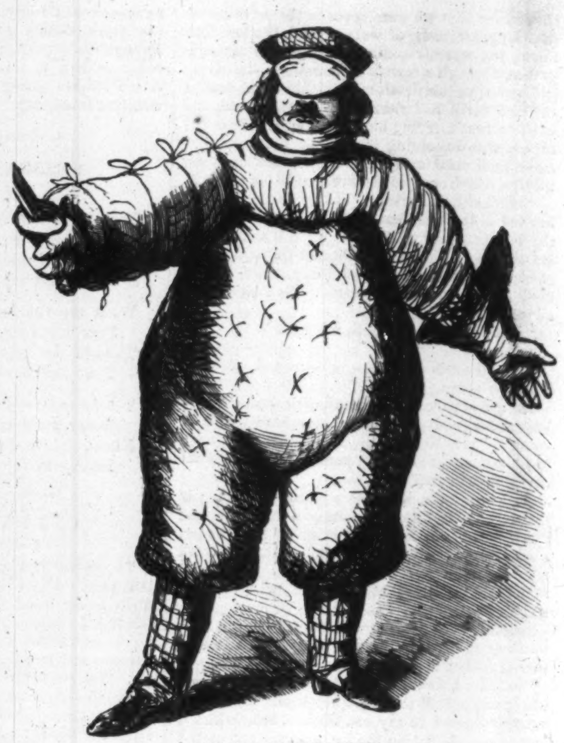
This constitutes a round. They then fall back, right the blade, and commence anew.

The second kind, the half-serious, originates in this manner: Two students pass one another on the sidewalk; one accidentally crowds the other off; whereupon the latter turns around, and wants to know if he meant any thing by that. No. 1 replies that he did or did not, just as No. 2 likes. No. 2 accordingly calls him a dumme junge, and says he will fight him, ohne mütze und punkhosen (without cap and breeches).

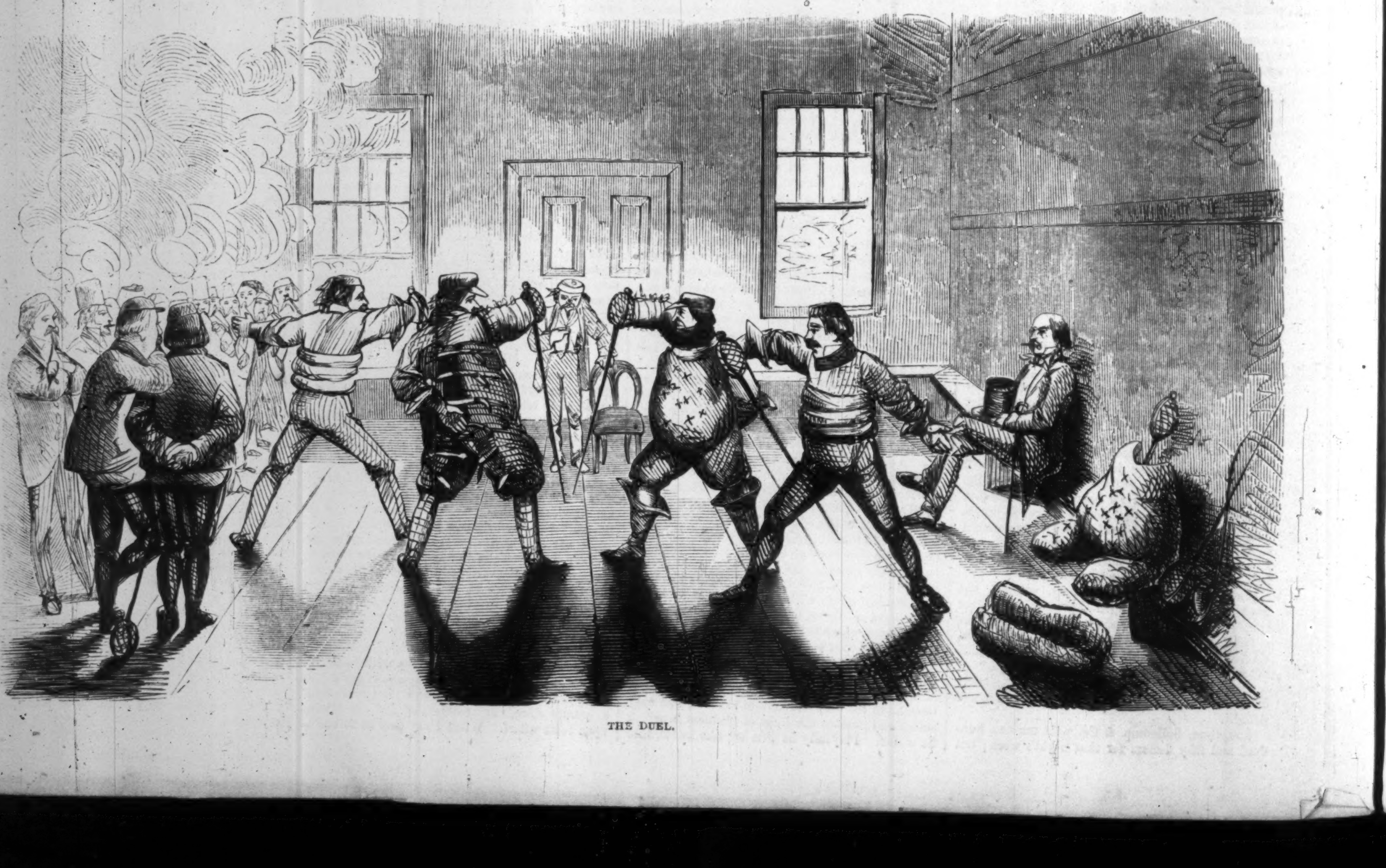
The third kind I can illustrate by a duel which took place a few days before my arrival.

A Herr von S., for some supposed insult, had knocked down another student, and jumped on his face with the heels of his boots. The next morning there was a sabre duel at the Hirschgasse. On the third round Von S. received a cut in the forehead which knocked him senseless. He was carried into an adjoining room, where, for two weeks, he lay vibrating between life and death. Soon after he began to recover, and at the expiration of the eighth week was just able to leave the house. I have since learned that he has been shot dead in a pistol duel.

The wounds received in the two first kinds of duels are always on the face, but never dangerous. It seems to me that they rather covet their possession. My friend Slappenheimer, of the Rinans,



A DUELIST IN FULL DRESS



THE DUEL.

has four conspicuous ones, which I verily believe he is proud of. He *is* student-life, illustrated with cuts.

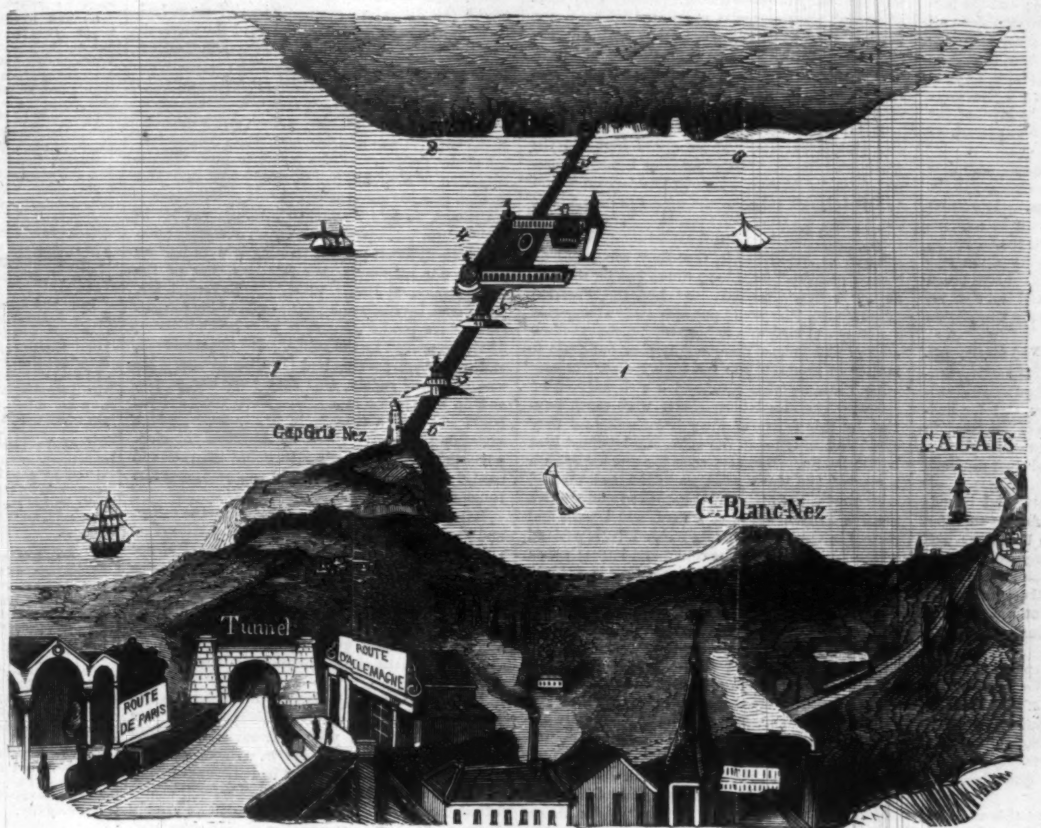
An interesting feature of our life here is the torch-light procession. This is generally got up to do honor to the advent of some new and distinguished Professor. We had one a few evenings ago here. There were above two hundred, each with a torch, in the procession. It was a sight for you. Those gay, spanking leaders, and the others who formed the procession, in their grim, odd-looking kappuzzas. We marched up to the Professor's house, got a speech out of him, then turned about, and went down to the University Place, where we formed a ring, and sang the "Dum Vivimus Vivamus" and "Gandeamus igitur."

The roar of those two hundred voices, together with the wild dancing, burning torches, and gesticulation generally, beat all the Kickapoo Calisthenics, I am certain, quite into the shade.

A SUBMARINE RAILWAY

BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

OUR European files bring us intelligence that the prospect of constructing a submarine railway and highway, to connect England with France, is once more under consideration—and this time with more than usual prospect of success, so far as an actual attempt is concerned, the Emperor Napoleon III. having appointed a commission of able scientific men to report to him upon the practicability of a plan recently proposed to His Majesty by M. Thomé, civil engineer, of Paris.



SUBMARINE RAILWAY, AS PROJECTED BY M. THOMÉ.

1. The Channel. 2. Folkestone. 3. Dover. 4. Oceanic Railway Station of Etoile de Varne. 5. Small artificial Islands. 6. Light-house.

The idea of connecting England with France and the European continent generally, by means of a submarine passage-way, by which passengers and goods might be transported to and from the "sea-girt isle," is by no means new. So long ago as 1798, M. Matthieu, French mining engineer, conceived the possibility of such a work, and in 1802 he laid his plan and accompanying drawings and estimates before the First Consul. The drawings were for many years on exhibition in the Luxembourg Palace, and are now deposited in the archives of the Institute.

The wars of those days put off the consideration of Matthieu's plan, and when he died the matter was forgotten. Since then, however, a number of scientific men, both English and French, have considered the possibility of such a submarine communication. The greater speed attainable for conveyances, since the introduction of railways and steam, had given added plausibility to the project, while the successful submerging of various lengths of submarine telegraph cables has placed a tunneled railway in the opinion of many engineers upon the catalogue of things possible of achievement, and only awaiting time and money to become actual.

In 1842 Mr. E. Pearse proposed an iron tunnel from Dover to Calais, which he supposed could be constructed at a much less (comparative) cost than the Thames Tunnel.

In 1845 M. de la Haye proposed a wrought-iron tunnel, in separate divisions, to be sunk and afterward connected. Supposing these divisions to be 1000 feet in length, he says "only 104 divisions would be required to join the rails of the South-eastern Railway with those of the Calais and Paris." Allowing, as he did, $200,000 as the cost of each division of his tunnel, the tunnel itself would cost $20,000,000. The entire expense of laying down, constructing terminal stations, watch and light towers, etc., was estimated at another $20,000,000; and M. de la Haye expressed himself satisfied that the undertaking could be successfully carried through with $80,000,000.

In 1848 M. Ferdinand, engineer, submitted to the French Academy of Sciences a proposal to construct a *floating* tunnel from Calais to Dover, of size sufficient to be traversed by small locomotives and cars for the conveyance of passengers. This would, however, have put a stop to the navigation of the British Channel, and was therefore out of question.

In 1851 M. Hector Horeau, of Paris, made public a plan for crossing the British Channel by means of a single tube of strong plate or cast iron. The details of this plan our engraving will enable the reader to comprehend. The tube was to contain, besides paths for foot-passengers, two lines of rails for cars. The slope acquired by the tube, as it extended toward mid-channel, M. Horeau thought would give the cars a sufficient impetus to send them across from terminus to terminus, without the aid of locomotive or other power. Light-houses were to be moored above the tunnel, to warn vessels from casting anchor over it. Where the water shoaled, near shore, these light-houses would have a solid foundation, and might serve as residences for light-keepers and fishermen. The tube or tunnel was to be lighted by means of reflecting metal plates. In the upper portion should be placed, at regular distances, strong glass plates, which also would give light. M. Horeau's plan excited some attention at the time. But the matter was not seriously considered by either moneyed men or the Governments of the countries most interested. He estimated the costs at the very reasonable sum of $20,000,000.

In May, 1855, Dr. Payerne proposed, in the *Boulogne Gazette*, to construct, with the assistance of 40 subaqueous boats (of his own invention), 1500 sailors and workmen, 4,340,000 cubic yards of material, and at a cost of $50,000,000, a tunnel by which the Channel should be crossed in thirty-three minutes. His plan was to lay a solid arched passage of masonry upon the bed of the channel, smoothing as far as might be all inequalities of surface, having very little incline, and communicating with the surface at the termini, by means of shafts sunk down to its level.

During the same year, M. Favre published in a Parisian journal a plan for constructing a submarine railway. He proposed to make the arch of brick lined with iron, to make the tunnel level, and to sink it at least eighty-two feet below the bottom of the sea—thus boring his way across.

Finally, in November, 1855, Mr. James Wylson, of London, proposed a tunnel, to be composed of hollow iron staves, firmly hooped together, the segments to be joined by flexible connections, and the whole to be moored by heavy mooring tackle, at a depth of one hundred feet below the surface of the channel; where Mr. Wylson supposed it would float by its own buoyancy, and be sufficiently strong to bear the weight and strain of railway trains rushing through from side to side.

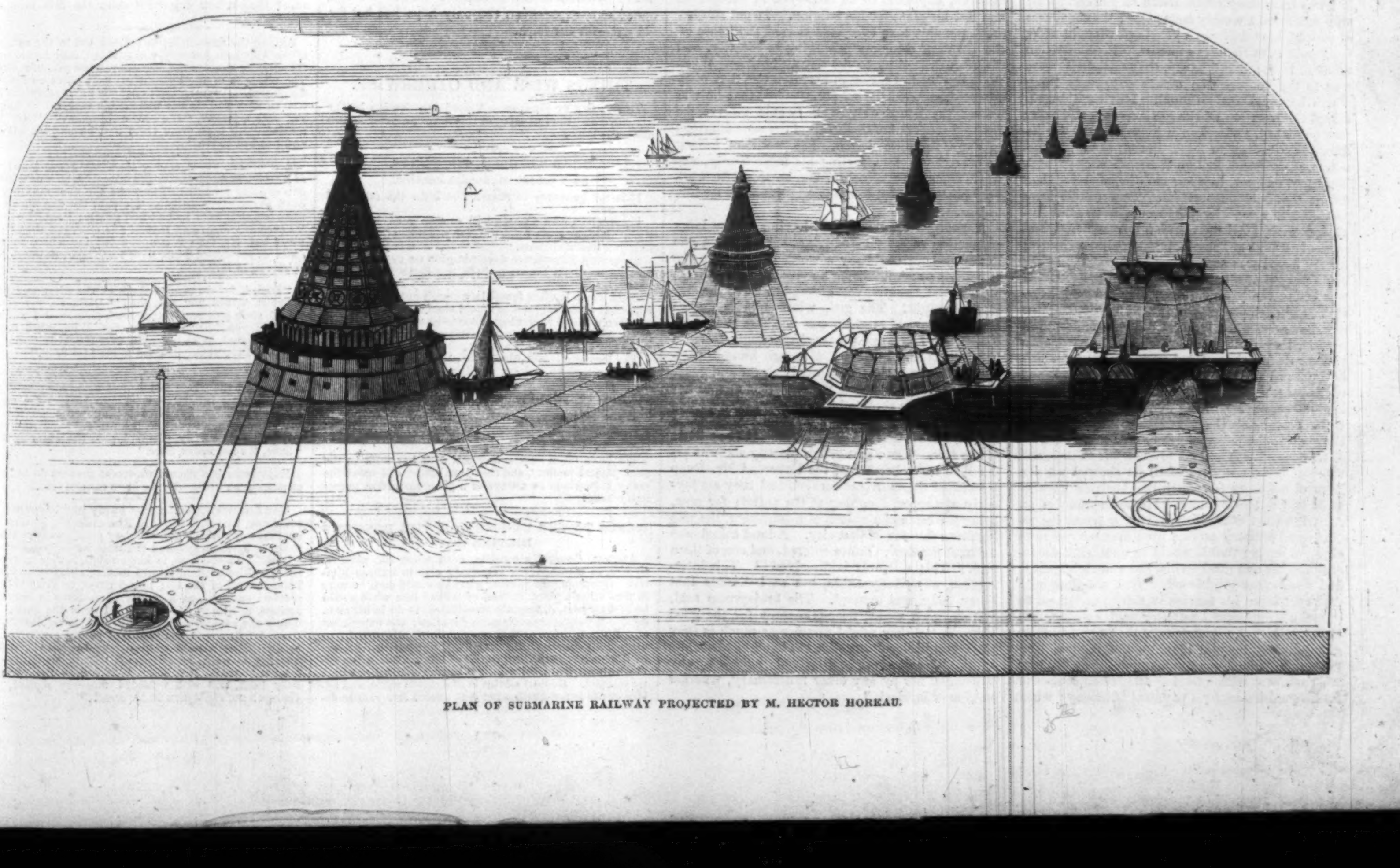
None of these plans seem to have attracted favorable notice from either capitalists or governments. We come now to that submitted by M. Thomé, the most colossal of all in its proportions, and the one which seems at present to have the best prospect of success. Our engraving will assist the reader in gaining a correct idea of this stupendous design, one worthy the days of the pyramid builders, and which, if carried out, would form another and pre-eminent wonder of the world. To state the outlines simply, it is proposed to construct between Cape Gris-nez near Calais, on the French coast, and a point called Eastware, between Dover and Folkestone, on the British side, a tunnel, cylindrical in form and arched in solid stone, twenty-nine feet wide by twenty-two feet high, eighteen and a half miles long, and having a double set of rails running through it, and, besides, a wide foot-path on each side.

So much for the submarine portion. This is to be connected with the outer world, on the French side, by a tunnel over nine thousand yards in length, and joining the submarine part at a depth of one hundred and seventy-five feet below the level of Cape Gris-nez; on the English, by a like tunnel, over six thousand yards in length, and joining the English terminus of the submarine tunnel at a depth of one hundred feet below the surface of Eastware point. Thus would be obtained a very easy grade quite in the power of a locomotive to surmount.

There is yet to be stated, however, the most colossal portion of M. Thomé's plan. To ventilate the submarine portion of the tunnel, it is proposed to establish upon firm foundations twelve small islands and one large one, at various distances from either shore, which islands are to connect with the tunnel beneath, and besides affording air, will serve, by means of stairways constructed within, to give access *from the channel* to the tunnel. Passengers may thus, in a smooth time, permit themselves to be landed—so to speak—upon one of these islets, and descending the stair await the train for Paris or London, whichever may be their port of destination, leaving the good ship to make her way through gales and head-winds to her proper port: a charming prospect for such of us as may be journeying Paris-ward six years from now—for that is the period which M. Thomé gives himself to complete the whole work.

The larger island, which is numbered 4 in our engraving, is to contain a small but safe harbor for vessels, where, we have no doubt, many a wind-bound homeward bounder will be glad to find refuge in times of trouble. Here, too, it is proposed to have conveniences for discharging cargoes of vessels, so that an East India or China trader may dispatch half her cargo of silks and spices to Paris per submarine railway, and then proceed with the balance to her proper port of London; a material saving in time, if in nothing else.

The Harbor Island, which is to be known as the station of Etoile de Varne, is to be founded upon the shoal or bank of Varne, which here favors M. Thomé's plan. The descent from the water to the tunneled way will be 300 feet; the island itself is



PLAN OF SUBMARINE RAILWAY PROJECTED BY M. HECTOR HOREAU.

to cover a space nearly a mile square; and the harbor will be so constructed as to be attainable in all weathers, thus proving indeed a harbor of refuge to land-leaguered vessels. Light-houses will be established upon all the islands, as well as upon the points Eastware and Gris-nez. From these points, also, shafts will be sunk to the level of the tunnel, and stairways will enable foot-passengers to attain the light of day here.

As before said, M. Thomé proposes to complete the entire work, ready for the passage of cars, in six years from the day of commencement. He divides out his work as follows: the first year he will devote to the construction of the artificial islands, and the sinking of shafts to the level of the proposed tunnel; during the second year he will break ground in all the main sections; and the four remaining years are to be devoted to the completion of the work in all its departments.

The cost he estimates at $22,500,000 for the submarine portion; $4,500,000 for the connecting tunnels on each side; and $7,000,000 for the construction of the islands, the safe harbor, and for incidental expenses, making in all a cost of $34,500,000; on which capital he calculates that the net income, for freight and passengers, will produce a dividend of at least 12 per cent.

The shafts of the towers and artificial islands will serve from the first as outlets for the superfluous earth which must accumulate below, as well as for purposes of conveying building materials and air to the laborers at the bottom, and freeing the works from water. Thus these structures, which are afterward to form so important a part of the finished undertaking, are of the greatest use from the first.

M. Thomé laid his plan before Napoleon III. last year, and the Minister of Public Works has lately appointed a commission composed of able scientific men to take the matter in consideration; while by the Emperor's orders the sum of 500,000 francs has been set aside from the national treasury to be devoted to experimental trials, of ground boring, soundings, etc. etc.

Thus there is reason to hope that this vast project will shortly assume some tangible shape.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PRUSSIAN POLICE.

THE following anecdotes of the tyranny practiced by the Prussian police are from an authentic source, and may be relied upon as true:

M. Henry, an old gentleman who lived for more than twenty-five years in Prussia, fell ill, and his wife wrote to their son—who was established in the United States of America—to come over and see his old father once more before his end. The dutiful son threw all his business aside, went on board the first steamer bound to Hamburg; where he arrived in due time. By the first train he set off for Berlin. Here, he was stopped by the police, who asked for his passport. Young Mr. Henry, little versed in police matters, had not even thought of a passport. When he left home he had none. A republican without a passport, what a horror! Of course he was arrested on the spot as a vagabond, put into prison, and compelled to spin wool. In this agreeable situation he remained for ten days: after which time he became free, by the interposition of the American consul in Hamburg, to whom he wrote immediately after his arrest. The Prussian police did not even apologize to him. They simply told him, "All right; you have told us the truth, and may go." The misused gentleman was almost killed by this vexation, and took the product of his labors in the spinning-house (a large clew of worsted) home with him, to show it to his children, and to keep it in his family as a token of Prussian liberty.

Another gentleman I know well remained in prison a whole year for having irreverently observed upon one occasion that the King was tipsy.

I was intimately acquainted with a literary man who conducted a weekly newspaper; the cheapness of which (three shillings a year) was thought more dangerous even than its contents. It was written under censure; that is to say, the proof-sheets were sent to the censor, who struck out every thing which he considered disloyal. Having thus received the sanction of the government, the paper was published, and common sense would have induced every editor to think himself safe. It was not so. My friend had an immense success with his paper, and got, in a few months, no fewer than fifteen thousand subscribers. This would have yielded him a considerable income, even after English notions. All the German governments, and most of all that of Prussia, became almost frantic; for my friend was as cautious as clever, and they could not get at him under any legal pretext. It was before the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight, and such pretexts were still required. One day, however, when I was at dinner wondering at my friend's vacant place, I received a hurried, open pencil-note from him, dated from prison; by which he informed me of his having been arrested, and of the judge's having very reluctantly consented to let him go, on depositing five hundred thalers in cash. Fortunately the money was to be had. I took it myself to the judge, and delivered my friend.

Of course I was curious to know his offense, and was not a little amused when he showed me the lines of his paper for which the Austrian government had impeached him. He had spoken of an Austrian chief of artillery having opposed the reducing of military service from fourteen years to eight, objecting that it would be impossible for recruits to become good artillerymen in eight years; and the writer exclaimed, "that a fellow who could not learn his service in eight years must be indeed a potenzirter Austrian;" which meant, that he must be many times sillier than the Austrians generally are thought to be in the north of Germany. My friend was condemned to three months' imprisonment without being allowed to compound for his punishment by a payment of money; which was customary in press transgressions. Very soon afterward, the paper was prohibited without any legal proceeding—nay, against law and the constitution. With the same right they might have shut up the shop of any grocer for selling cigars manufactured by the special consent of the government.

When my friend published another journal, that was prohibited also, and we got a hint that he would be arrested. By stratagem I got his passport from the bureau where it was deposited, and he left Leipzig, going to the next Prussian town; for he was a subject of Prussia. Taught by necessity, my friend was well versed in the law, and adhered so strictly to it, that they could find no "legal pretexts" for a long time; but he was annoyed in every manner. At last the Prussian government, who would put him aside at any cost—sent one of his books to Magdeburg, that the law officers and judges there might pick out from it matter to impeach him for high treason, or any other nonsense that promised a rich harvest of prison. The Magdeburg courts were much puzzled by this desire of the government; for they could find no crime in the book, and returned it at last to Berlin. But very soon it came back, with a reproof, and many passages in the book marked with a red pencil. Cardinal Richelieu said, "Give me five written words of a man, and I shall find matter in them to have him hanged." My friend was summoned before the court, and impeached on Majestats-Beleidigung—lesæ majestatis is, I think, the technical name. When the judges showed him the offending passage, he took the Landrecht (provincial law) smilingly up from the table, turned up the paragraph relating to the offense attributed to him, and read aloud, "Such a criminal shall be dragged to the place of execution sitting upon a cowskin and there crushed by a wheel, etc. (gerädert werden von unten auf)." And all this for the flesh-colored tricots of Lola Montez! The whole court of justice could not help laughing outright; for the thing was too ludicrous.

In his paper my friend had mentioned how Lola Montez had horsewhipped an officer of the police, and how she had been condemned to half a year in the house of correction, but had been pardoned by the King, and concluded: "Well, I wonder whether I should have been pardoned also, for having committed such a crime? Possibly, but not very likely; for if, even in the scale of justice, a pair of flesh-colored tricots weighs heavier than my steel pen, how much the more will they not put out of its equilibrium the balance of grace?"

Yes; the judges condemned him, laughingly, to two years' imprisonment, and the loss of the national cockade. About this hated sign of bondage to an absolute Hohenzollern my friend cared not a pin; but its loss involved the loss of most of his civil rights. Therefore he laid an appeal against this verdict, and it was altered to only one year of imprisonment, which he endured, in the citadel of Magdeburg

So much for the press. Now I shall show how the police work in the vineyard of the Lord.

There was, in Königsberg, a dissenting congregation of about eight thousand members, belonging to a Protestant sect spread all over the empire. Of course any legal pretexts to be met with were available for annoying and vexing these dissenters; but the police used the most dastardly and base means to ruin them besides. They induced, for instance, all persons employed in the police, and even private persons, to give no work to any tradesmen, to buy no goods of merchants belonging to this persecuted sect—nay, keepers of public-houses and tea or coffee gardens were forbidden to sell any thing to members of it, under pain of the withdrawal of their licenses. This was a serious thing for these innkeepers, and they requested the Reverend Mr. Rupp, then minister of the congregation, to communicate these police measures to his parishioners, lest they might bring innocent men to trouble and ruin.

One of the dissenters, having no fewer than ten children, happened to be employed in the police, and lost his place for his religion. To get another existence this man competed to rent the house of the shooters' company belonging to the city, and therefore depending on the city authorities. When the police became aware of his intention, they managed things with the corporation so, that he was offered the house only if he would receive the Lord's Supper out of the hands of the most fanatical parson of the state church. The poor man, having no other hope of supporting his large family, was weak enough to comply; but he was afterward very much troubled in his mind; wretched for life, in fact.

A young respectable girl, having a very large connection as a seamstress, against whom no one in Königsberg could say a word, belonged to the dissenters; and, not being a native of Königsberg, although of Prussia, was ordered to leave the city in a fortnight. The girl, whose nimble fingers supported an old mother, was not base enough to disown her faith, and prepared weepingly to leave her friends and her snug, although humble position. However, she was not only clever and good, but pretty, and a young master-joiner offered her his hand. She accepted him at once. There was no time for simpering; a fortnight with three Sundays being just sufficient to fulfill the requisites of the law. The night before the day she was ordered to leave her home, the Reverend Mr. Rupp performed the marriage-service, and they sat joyously at supper, laughing at the police; for now, being the bride of a citizen of Königsberg, she was legally a denizen of that city. A loud knock was heard at the door. Police entered, and one of them said, "This assembly is dissolved!" This interruption was disagreeable, but so ludicrous that every body was amused. The bridegroom said, "Well, good night, friends—sorry for the good victuals, but they might dissolve as much as they like; this society" (he took the hand of his bride) "I think, shall never be dissolved; neither by any policeman nor by any other functionary, whether in blue or in black."

With this dissolving of assemblies the police annoyed the dissenters most. Some of them had little meetings to take tea and read the German classics. Almost always they were disturbed by policemen dissolving the assembly; sometimes followed by soldiers with their muskets and bayonets. The next day each member of this circle was summoned before the police and reproved. Remonstrance was useless; and, when they at last asked the president of the police to give them a definition of a prohibited assembly (for they had no idea why the government should prohibit every tea party), he told them their meeting was not to be taken for a tea party, but for an assembly; because the different persons forming it were neither friends nor neighbors, nor relations, nor of the same station in life. When the Reverend Mr. Rupp once invited some poor people of his congregation to a public garden, to keep holiday there, he was reproved by the police. He remonstrated, and said these persons had been his guests. He was answered rudely, that they were low people, and no society for him. Mr. Rupp took out his Bible and read a passage in St. Luke, in which something was said about not inviting the rich, who could give dinners in return, but the poor and needy. The magistrate looked confused, and Mr. Rupp escaped, unfined.

Even children-gardens were forbid by the police, and an assembly of babies, from three to five years old, was once dissolved. The little ones did not know the way home; for it was not yet time to be fetched by the servants of their parents, and, when the police asked them the names of their fathers, they answered, "Papa." Then the little lambs were seen walking with the wolves, quite confidently, about the streets, inquiring where they did belong to.

Such dissenters as belonged to official families were persecuted most. The Lieut.-Colonel von L., who died in the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight, left two orphan girls, without a penny. However, the younger sister had the expectancy of a place as canonesse in a foundation for spinsters of noble birth, which had been restored and richly bestowed by the late grandfather of the young lady, who was a very rich man. The elder of the two sisters got, after much ado, a small pension from the government, by the interest of the minister of Auerswald, who was connected with the family. Angelina, the younger sister, while expecting her canonesse-place, tried to get her livelihood by giving lessons in French, and writing books for young people. Heaven blessed her brave endeavors: she got a situation at a school, and many private lessons. She had, indeed, so much to do, that almost her only recreation was to visit the religious congregations of the dissenters, to hear Mr. Rupp.

Thus she went on very well till the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two; when it was ordered by Polizei-President Peters that Miss von L. should forbear giving any lessons; secondly, it was decreed that Miss Leo, the mistress of the school, should dismiss Miss A. von L. directly, and without any fuss (geraeuschlos); thirdly, Miss von L. was to leave Königsberg, and informed that the interdict to give any lessons applied to the whole Prussian monarchy.

In vain the unhappy lady tried the law—nay, wrote even twice to the King, complaining of the wrongs practiced on her. She was answered by the Minister of the Interior, that all the proceedings against her had been strictly lawful. Notwithstanding, Miss von L. tried to give lessons in Dantzig, where the first magistrate was a friend of her family; but this gentleman, although wishing her well, found himself obliged to repeat the proceedings of Königsberg. She left the Prussian empire for Dresden, where she found pupils; but there came a telegraphic dispatch from Berlin, and she was ordered by the police of Saxony to leave Dresden in twenty-eight hours. To fill the chalice of sorrow to the brim, she received a letter from the abbess of the Barth-foundation telling her to give up all expectation of a canonesse-place if she adhered to the dissenters. Thus she lost home, existence—even the only hope left her for old age—for her faith.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

THE VALUE OF HEALTH.—A good constitution is like a money-box—the full value of it is never properly known until it is broken.

GOOD-NATURED THOUGHTS.

BY A STUPID, HARMLESS FELLOW.

It is not generous to blame Youth for the follies of young men.

Good wives, like filberts, will remain good for a long time. It all depends upon the care you take of them, and how you husband them.

Supposing Experience does not give us new habits, it teaches us at all events to hide the holes in those we have.

Solid worth is often found in a rough outside. Sovereigns roll repeatedly out of an old stocking.

When a friend is sinking, Hope is like the Anchor that pilots take out to a ship in distress, and we should all volunteer in carrying it to him.

The loss of a joyful illusion is always a painful thing. It is like a child looking at *Clown* after he has washed his face.

A surly reception from a debtor raises a pleasing hope of payment.

If we only said one half of the witty things that, on reflection, we feel we might and ought to have said, what clever fellows we should be!

We have often seen a cow part with her milk in the most patient manner, and then turn round and upset the pail. It reminds us always of a generous action gracelessly done!

WORDS TO THE UNWISE; OR, THE DONKEY'S DICTIONARY.

ADVICE. Generally consists, even when the giver is sincere, in recomending somebody else to imitate himself. One man tells another what he would do if he were in that other's place, instead of telling him what would be best for him, differently constituted, to do in his own. Advice is very commonly mere dictation; the expression of a desire to control other people's inclinations and regulate their conduct. In reviewing our past career, we, in almost every instance, repent of having taken the advice we took, and rejoice for not having taken that which we rejected. Medical advice is of dubious value, and advice *gratis* is not worth what it is offered for. Little dependence can be placed on any advice but that of a respectable lawyer.

BANTER. Is the polite and playful expression of contempt. It is the conversation of gentlemen who despise one another. Nobody dares to banter a judge on the bench, or any body that he fears. The objects of banter are usually those on whom it can, or gentlemen think that it can, be practiced with impunity. Banter tires a philosopher as reasonable conversation bores a fool. To rid yourself of the plague of banter you must retort it, but in the retaliation of banter care should be taken to return insult for insult in an elegant and pleasing manner.

CHAFF. Chaff, between blackguards, is what banter is between gentlemen. It is the reciprocal raillery of cads and rascals. "Where were you last night?" and "Who stole ducks?" may be taken as popular instances of chaff. Ostlers, and the generality of the rogues that are concerned about horses, are especially prone to bandy chaff. The triumph of chaff lies in the excitement of wrath, but the sting of chaff and banter, for the most part, consists rather in insolence than in satire.

Rapp and Savary were aids-de-camp to Dessaix, adopted by Bonaparte on the field of Marengo. The latter soon made progress by his suppleness; the former was a blunt Alsatian, and became neither duke nor marshal. He once ushered a dark-looking Corsican to the presence of Bonaparte, and took care to hold the door open while the interview lasted. When questioned by Bonaparte why he did this—"Because," replied Rapp, "I don't put much trust in your Corsicans."

A good proverb wears a crown, and defies revolution or dethronement. It walks up and down the earth an invisible knight-errant, helping the needy. A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God as he who lets go a golden-orbed speech to roll through the generations of time.

A preacher, not one hundred miles from this, while contending, as he thought, for the "ancient order of things," by ridiculing the doctrine of a call to the ministry, as proof that there is no such call, observed that he never believed *he* was called to preach. "*And no person else ever believed it*," said an acquaintance standing by.

When Sir Richard Steele was made a member of the Commons, it was expected from his ingenious writings that he would have been an admirable orator; but it not proving so, De Foe said, "He had better have continued the *Spectator* than the *Tatler*."

An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah! I don't care about being very wet, but plaze your honor, I'm very dry."

A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," said he, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on *one* cheek."

"I am not afraid of a barrel of cider," said a toper to a temperance man. "I presume not," was the reply; "from your appearance, I guess a barrel of cider would run at your approach."

It was Chapman, the Philadelphia surgeon, who rang the bell and said that good thing at the expense of Norton, the player on the trumpet, who, with his back to the chimney, was spreading himself, covering the hearth to the exclusion of company—"Waiter, take that 'blower' from the fire."

Sir Peter Laurie, when Lord Mayor of London, gave a dinner at the Mansion House to the Judges, and, in proposing their health, observed—after expatiating on the excellence of the British Constitution—"I might instance my humble self; but why should I do so, when there before me sits my Lord Tenterden, who has risen, not like me, from the respectable class of tradesmen, but I may say, from the very dregs of the people."

Not long since, a certain noble peer in Yorkshire, who is fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who, he thought, was not speaking to him with proper respect: "Do you know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?" "And, mayhap," retorted the sturdy Saxon, nothing daunted, "they found mine here when they came." The noble lord felt that he had the worst of it.

A man who can have his corns mashed without grumbling, is undoubtedly possessed of a tolerably good disposition. One man being once at a political meeting, said, in a pleasant manner, to a big burly fellow who was standing upon his toe, "My dear Sir, are you not a miller?" "No Sir: why do you ask?" "Why, Sir, the fact is, I thought you were a miller, and a very honest one, too, because you have been grinding my corns this half hour without taking toll."

On one occasion during the Revolution, "Old Put" had received a lot of new recruits, and as he had some fighting which he wished to do before long, and wanted none but willing men, he drew up his levies in rank before him. "Now, boys," said he, "I don't wish to retain any of you who wish to leave; therefore, if any one of you is dissatisfied, and wishes to return home, he may signify the same by stepping six paces in front of the line. But," added the old war dog, "I'll shoot the first man that steps out."

Among the miscellaneous articles left in the carriages of the Aberdeen Railway, and sold in Castle Street under the sheriff's warrant the other day, was a pair of crutches. The remarks of the by-standers were more varied than conclusive. "Weel," said one, "is na' it surprisin' that ony lamiter wad na hae missed his staves?" "I'll tell ye," said a second, "it's been a thimbler." "No," said a third, "it's been some chiel that hasna paid his fare, and has had to rin."

A Southern paper, among its watch-house items, tells of a "nice looking young gentleman" who was taken up one evening for intoxication, and the next morning was fined about seven dollars. He paid the fine cheerfully, considering it very lenient and gentle; "for," he added, "I certainly disgraced myself and outraged the community; but, Mr. Officer, *can* you tell me where to get a glass of sweetened wine, with loaf-sugar, nutmeg, and a fresh egg in it?"

"Dad, if I were to see a duck on the wing, and was to shoot it, would you lick me?" "Oh, no, my son; it would show you are a good marksman, and I would be proud of you." "Well, then, dad, I peppered our old Muscovy-duck as he was flyin' over the fence to-day, and it would have done you good to see him drop."

An Irishman, who saw the chimney-piece on fire that endangered the whole house, ran up to his master with the alarming intelligence. Down rushed the master, and saw a large kettle of boiling water on the fire. "Well, why don't you put the fire out?" "And sure I can't, Surr." "Why, you fool, pour the water upon it." "Sure, it's hot water, Surr."

Experience is a flannel waistcoat that we do not think of putting on until after we have caught cold.

The first oddity that comes in my way is a remark by some one, that "Kisses are like creation, because they are made of nothing and are very good"—a very sensible remark, by-the-way—and the next is the definition of a "buss." Thus—Buss, to kiss; rebus, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without regard to sex; sillybus, to kiss the hand instead of the lip; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss all the persons in the room; Erebus, to kiss in the grave-yard or in the dark. Evidently the country-girl who came to "town" last fall had these definitions in her head. A young gentleman was to escort her a mile or two down-town-ward, and not wishing to walk, he remarked, "Hold on, Mary—let's take a 'bus.'" But Mary, blushing to the eyebrows, drew back, and with wounded modesty replied, "Oh, George! *not right here in the street!*"

Andrew Fuller, one Sunday afternoon, saw the people, during the singing of the hymn before sermon, composing themselves for a comfortable nap; and, taking the Bible, he beat it against the pulpit, making a great noise. Attention being excited, he said, "I am often afraid that I preach you to sleep; but it can't be my fault to-day, for you are asleep before I have begun."

The New York Associated Press have decided to employ a news yacht to meet all the European steamers at Cape Race. The object of this plan, we presume, is to get the news while it is racy.

The following letter was sent by a man to his son at college: "My dear son:—I write to send you two pair of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them. Also some new socks which your mother has just knit, by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not use it wisely I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls, if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if not, you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents."

When Godwin was employed in writing the life of Chatham, he applied to many of his acquaintances for suitable anecdotes and suggestions. Mr. Fawcett supplied him with a striking passage from a speech which he had heard Chatham deliver on general warrants. "Every man's house is called his castle. Why? Because it is surrounded by a moat, or defended by a wall? No. It may be a straw-built hut; the wind may enter it; the rain may enter it; but the King can not." The point, as Fawcett thought, was plain enough; but when he came to read the printed volume he found it thus arranged: "Every man's house is called his castle. Why? Because it is surrounded by a moat, or defended by a wall? No! It may be a straw-built hut; the rain may enter it—all the winds of heaven may whistle round it—but the King can not." This indicated what Fawcett called a defect of natural imagination.

Shortly after the battle of Waterloo, it was proposed to make some change in the uniform of the Life Guards; and George IV. ordered one of the soldiers to be sent for, who was said to have slain six or seven French officers in single combat. He was asked a variety of questions, to each of which he assented; until the King, perceiving that the soldier's opinion was biased by the presence of royalty and his own officers, said to him: "Well, if you were going to have such another day's work as at Waterloo, how would you like to be dressed?" "Please your Majesty," he replied, "in that case I'd rather be in my shirt sleeves."

A poor player having lent one of his comrades a small matter, spoke to him one night behind the scenes in the Convent Garden Theatre. "Tom, those two guineas I lent you ought to be paid me; you know I am in great distress." "Do not talk to me about it," said the other; "within this week I will take care to pay in some shape or other." "You will oblige me," replied the creditor; "and pray let it be as much in the shape of two guineas as possible."

The other day a Jerseyman was observed standing in Wall Street, gazing very earnestly at one of those hairless Chinese canines which are so much admired by dog connoisseurs. Near Jersey was a rampant crowd of brokers. Jersey looked at them and then at the "dorg."

"I say, Mister," said he, speaking to a gorgeously-robed Bull, whose hands were filled with "stock lists," "I say, does that dorg belong to you?"

Bull nodded distantly.

"Yaas—well I thort so."

"What made you think that 'dorg' belonged to me?"

"We'll, I wasn't so adzactly sure he belonged to you, but I was certin the dorg has had dealins with you or some of your friends."

"Why so?" said Bull, getting excited.

"'Cause he's so close *shaved*—there ain't a har on 'im." Broker walked away, whistling the Rogues' March.

Jem had offered Tom a picayune for his bag of white alleys and striped taws, and Tom, after chaffering, had consented to trade. But the operation must be a cash one; money down, and no credit. This was eventually conceded as the basis of the bargain, and Jem held out his hand for the marbles. "Money first," said Tom. "Marbles first," said Jem. "D'ye think I mean to cheat ye? say!" exclaimed Tom, indignantly. "Don't know," replied Jem; "ticklish times these; don't know who to trust, nor for how long, nowadays!" "Well, then," said Tom, "there's Sam, there. You give him your money, and I'll give him my bag of marbles; and when he's got 'em both, I'll tell him to give you the marbles, and he'll tell you to give me the pic., and so that'll be all right!" "Agreed," said Jem. And "agreed," said Sam; and the deposits were made. "Now hand over," said both of the traders, in a breath. But judge of their horror, when Sam, pocketing both money and marbles, took to his heels, his head over his shoulder, and his thumb on his nose, as he ran—exclaiming to the astonished depositors, "Specie payment suspended!" Perhaps there wasn't "a run" on that bank!

A gentleman offered a horse, six months ago, to a friend for $300. "I'll buy him," said the friend, "with these conditions. I shall pay you two hundred cash, and owe you the rest." The offer was accepted, but, tight times coming on, the seller called upon the purchaser for the odd hundred. "I sha'n't pay you," said he, "for it would be a violation of contract. I agreed to pay two hundred cash and owe you one hundred, and if I paid that the bargain would be broken."

Pat and Murphy, who were cutting cord-wood on the banks of the Mississippi, observed a barrel floating down the Father of Waters, and hauled it in. The first smell of the hoops proved the contents *whisky*. Happy Pat! glorious Murphy! Over the great joy they shook hands, embraced, vowed candles to Mary, and gave every other evidence of gratitude that could be asked for; then they sucked the liquor through cane stalks till they knew no more. Next morning the question arising how to divide the barrel, a very handy conclusion was arrived at by using the cross-cut saw and sawing it in two; of course the contents went to water the cane roots instanter, and the two Irishmen were bereaved.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Dec. 28, 1857.*

THE foreign trade of the port last week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Dec. 26, 1857	$1,585 988....	$1,222,760
Corresponding week, 1856	1,567,639....	1,378,200
Increase............	$18,349	
Decrease............	......	$155,440

The export of specie was large, amounting to $2,676,295, but nearly as much has been received from the interior. Money continues to be cheap; first-class paper is in demand at 6 @ 7, and money on call a 5 @ 6. Exchange on London, 60 days, rules at 109¼ @ 109½; on Paris, 5.27 @ 5.18. The news from Europe by the *Persia*, showing severe distress on the Continent, and a general feeling of embarrassment in commercial circles in Europe, has had the effect of depressing stocks here, and the market closed weak and heavy on Saturday.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, December 28, 1857.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have exhibited but little animation during the past week, which embraced only five business days, Friday having been Christmas Day, and generally observed as a holiday. Flour arrived freely and was in fair request, chiefly for home use. Prices fluctuated slightly, and closed with an upward tendency.... Wheat was lightly dealt in at drooping rates.... Corn was abundant and cheaper, yet not active up to Saturday, when large sales of new crop were effected, prices leaning in favor of buyers.... Rye and Barley were dull and somewhat nominal.... Oats were plenty and lower, with a limited inquiry for them.... Cotton was depressed, and it declined materially, closing heavily and irregularly.... Provisions were in slack request at unsettled prices.... The movements in other commodities were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable alterations.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@	$4 65
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 25	@	4 65
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 55	@	7 25
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 40	@	7 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel..........	4 35	@	6 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	4 75	@	7 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	4 25
Corn Meal, per barrel............	3 20	@	3 60
White Wheat, per bushel............	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel..............	90	@	1 20
New Crop Corn, per bushel..........	56	@	61
Rye, per bushel..................	70	@	72½
Barley, per bushel................	64	@	80
Western Oats, per bushel..........	43	@	45
State Oats, per bushel............	40	@	43
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	33	@	38
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	28	@	32
Cotton, middlings, per pound........	9½	@	10½
Mess Pork, per barrel..............	15 50	@	15 75
Prime Pork, per barrel..............	13 25	@	13 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel......	5 75	@	6 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	23 00
Beef Hams, per barrel..............	13 50	@	15 00
Cut Meats, per pound..............	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound..................	9	@	9½
State Butter, per pound............	13	@	24
Western Butter, per pound..........	10	@	17
Cheese, per pound................	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds..............	2 50	@	3 62½
Rio Coffee, per pound..............	8½	@	10½
Cuba Sugar, per pound..............	5½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..........	17	@	25
Hyson Teas, per pound..............	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound............	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon........	—	@	21
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound........	7	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound........	10	@	35
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon........	—	@	38
American Fleece Wool, per pound...	27	@	45
" Pulled Wool, per pound...	20	@	28
North River Hay, per 100 pounds....	50	@	75

Freights were depressed and languid. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 5½d. @ 6½d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Beef, 4s. @ 4s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. The number of vessels of all classes in the port of New York on Saturday was 648.

The Live Stock Market, last Wednesday, lacked vigor. The supply of Beeves was inferior in numbers, but superior in quality, to that of the preceding week. After a moderately brisk market during a part of the day, and dull sales for the remainder, the market closed with some 250 head left over.... Good fresh Milch Cows were more sought after at advancing prices.... Veal Calves were in moderate supply and demand at somewhat easier rates. ....Sheep and Lambs were abundant and in request at unchanged figures. Some extra animals have been sent in for the holidays, which have sold from $10 00 @ $17 50 each.... Swine were less freely offered and were in better request at rising prices.... The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Dec. 16.	Week ending Dec. 23.
Beeves....................	2,972	2,497
Milch Cows..............	209	288
Veal Calves..............	491	480
Sheep and Lambs..........	8,386	8,368
Swine....................	3,706	2,565

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York..........	900	Illinois..............	96
Ohio..............	482	Connecticut..........	60
Kentucky..........	285	Michigan............	49

The range of prices, according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..	$0 7	@	$0 11½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	45 00
Veal Calves, per pound..............	4½	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	3 00	@	11 00
" " per pound..........	6	@	10
Live Swine, per pound..............	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	7

The Country Produce Markets have been more active during the week, owing to the recurrence of Christmas day.... Apples have been freely purchased at full prices. .... Onions attracted more attention, and advanced a shade.... Potatoes find ready buyers at unchanged rates for middling and favorite varieties.... Turnips and Cabbages are abundant and heavy.... Poultry, of all kinds, are actively inquired for, and are generally higher.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel..................	$2 50	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound............	7	@	8½
Peaches, dried, per pound..........	18	@	20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel..........	2 00	@	—
Chestnuts, per bushel..............	3 00	@	3 50
Peanuts, per bushel................	70	@	1 25
Cranberries, per barrel..............	5 50	@	9 00
Potatoes, per barrel................	1 75	@	3 50
" per bushel..................	90	@	95
" sweet, per barrel............	3 50	@	4 50
Onions, per barrel..................	1 62	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel................	50	@	75
Squashes, per barrel................	2 00	@	2 50
Pumpkins, per 100..................	18 00	@	25 00
Beets, per barrel..................	1 25	@	1 50
Cabbages, per 100..................	2 50	@	4 00
" Red, per dozen..............	62	@	87
Parsnips, per barrel................	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel................	—	@	1 50
Leeks, per 100......................	3 50	@	4 00
Celery, per dozen..................	50	@	1 00
Garlic, per 100......................	5 00	@	5 50
Eggs, Limed, per dozen..............	17½	@	18½
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen..............	23	@	24
Chickens, per pound................	8	@	12
Fowls, per pound....................	7	@	13
Guinea Fowl, per pair..............	56	@	62
Ducks, per pound..................	10	@	13
" per pair..................	25	@	2 50
Turkeys, per pound................	8	@	14
Turkeys, Wild, each................	4 00	@	6 00
Geese, per pound..................	6	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen................	1 25	@	1 60
Prairie Hens, per pair..............	1 00	@	—
Partridge, per pair................	60	@	75
Roasting Pigs......................	1 25	@	2 25
Rabbits, each......................	10	@	15
Hares, each........................	10	@	15
Squirrels, each....................	3	@	4
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